Omnipresent

A new novel from Norway

Thiagalingam Ratnam

Omnipresent

(A new novel from Norway)

BY

Thiagalingam Ratnam

First Edition
April 2021
ISBN:9798737969943

Publication Editor

Thiagalingam Ratnam
Vetlandsveien 117
0686 Oslo
Norway
Email: ratnamt67@gmail.com

Pages: 150
All rights reserved © Thiagalingam Ratnam

Printed & Published by
Karainagaran.com

1. Grønland

'Landless begging dog! After grabbing whatever you can grab, now you will cottage with a brand new jeep? I will not let you and your friends fool me without learning a proper lesson. Wait and see. I'll show you who I am,' Shankar suddenly jumped up and went to attack Sivakaran. There is a sudden uprising inside the Tamil shop. Women and men who had seen things and the videotapes, their children hid in fear like a glowing chicken to escape the hawk behind them. For a moment, the silence and fear bound people like a cobra that heard the sound of thunder. Ramu quickly overcame and grabbed Shankar. When he realized the situation, Harry took Shankar with Ramu.

On the other hand, Shankar looked like Veerapandiya Kattabomman captured by a British East India Company soldier. Sivakaran looked elegantly at Shankar with his chest erect as the white supervisor of the tea plantation. Seeing this, it seemed to Ramu what would happen if the two did collide? Once again, Ramu, who was reluctant to put the Tamils' dignity up for auction in Grønland, pulled him out. Shankar continued to jump on the ground in the form of the captured Veerapandiya Kattabomman.

Grønland is still bustling as usual. Harry smirked with a kind of sympathy, disgust, anger, and anxiety at seeing Grønland. However, coral coat with multicultural terms, the area hated by the natives is the palm gooseberry. Here came the domination of the Pakistanis and the Sri Lankans' domination. That too has now gone, and the Somalis have come to dominate. Native peoples who do not want to be with blacks, Asians, and Muslims in Europe will slowly leave. Their mouthpieces will succeed in portraying the isolated area as a multicultural paradise to cover up the fact that it is the new remnants of World War II. Thinkers will understand that this is a subtle trick to escape from their flaws. The truth is that this area is not heaven but hell. The experience of the living is strong evidence for that. There is no shortage of blacks, Asians, Muslims, the poor and some rich, and some native peoples of the city. They nor we have any moral right to speak of racism or caste.

However, demolishing Sivankoil same time praying with Thevaram is continues everywhere.

Grønland is a part of Oslo and the abode for sinners. It also the residence of concentrate colored criminals, the ruins of buildings, Unwanted images settle in it unheard, To make a permanent rule without noticing fake featured paintings on the wall occupied. It is like a sanctuary for drug addicts and a place full of strangers who see Norwegian women in shorts as lustful. Domination people not respect institution than their religion and error have lived before and error those who have come now. It's Part of Oslo that is permanently blurred.

'Uff, what a world is this? Multiculturalism or corrupt culture?' Harry didn't understand anything. There are many compulsions to come to Grønland whether you like it or not. I was buying vegetables. Infinite needs are sprouting up like purchasing a video copy to watch a movie, sometimes buying cooked food. Coming here gives Harry the feeling of stepping on fire.

'Leave me free. I must hit a good hit for that dog. Let me go once.' Shankar tried to push Ramu and run away. Ramu hugged him tightly. Harry also put an end to his thinking and grabbed Shankar tightly and led him towards the car.
'Leave what. I have beaten all by force, and it will help more than brothers,' Shankar said. Harry remembered that if he begs, they will not respect; if we do not respect, they will pray. Harry rejected the idea,
'If you beat him, will you get that you were lost? Put yourself in jail unnecessarily. Why don't you spend some money and go to jail?' As he tried to calm him down.
'Brother, please be quiet. You are disrespectful if you beat them. Everything you must thought first deeply. You do not know anything about blind emotion at that time. After all this time, now time is past, but you are hopping as cow-calf got burn mark. This situation, like sari, touches a thorn plant to tackle carefully. If you think it's finished with Mullivaikkal, you don't get anything. if you don't, they have big trouble.'
'Kill them all. That is why we will not show such a ghost thing again.' Said Shankar angrily.
'There are other ways to do that. As this kind of masonry and cut should not be exposed foolishly,' said Ramu.

'Yes, We live in a country where the police and law work properly. We must respect the laws as much as they respect the law. Otherwise, they will look at us as people coming from the forest, and we will look at the police and run away.' Said, Harry.
Ramu laughed when he heard this.
'That's OK. It hurts to think that we gave what we had, and tails of LTTE treat us like a beggar and now run away from us and hide from us.' Said Shankar.
'I also know about pain and loss. Why is there still a losing pattern to it? You have already done everything without thinking. You just said yes yes to everyone. At least we can sit and think very deeply before we do anything? Am I right in saying that?' Asked Ramu.
'Everything you say is correct. Still, do you see that Sivakaran raises the chest, which breaks the wealth of others and uses it himself?' Said Shankar.
'Brother, it will all end one day. Drop what you think about kicking them, and do something good for yourself. like thinking and thinking and losing your head will not give you any gain.' Ramu continued to say something too reassuring.
'You're right, brother. We have never dreamed of such a deception. Everything happens like a dream and ends. In the end, I was the only one which was empty. Thieves drive in a luxury jeep with very pride.' Shankar began to feel uncontrollable. For Ramu and Harry, it was a great embarrassment. They were both speechless for a while. Then Harry freed himself.
'Wipe your eyes. Have the courage to clear your mind. Ramu, take the car here. Take Brother Shankar home and leave him there.' Said, Harry.
Shankar sat in the car in relief without saying any protest.

2. cottage

The nostalgia of not being able to go to Sri Lanka or India burned like a furnace of fire in his heart. Memories of that fiery mind gripped his heart with pain. The nostalgia that Vishwaroop had taken on confirmed as a razor blade placed inside the chest. That annoyance made the reason more miserable. Excruciating pain flow like blood flow from the cut. This time he did not go anywhere in the boredom of how many times he would go to European countries alone. Suddenly, his wife and children taxed this country's independence and, not content with his wishes, left for Malaysia.

He strikes loneliness by action. He did not like to be alone in this big house where the children were not running. He decided to go once to the newly purchased hut. This memory about the incident, annoyed Shankar jumped into his in the Tamil shop without knowing the case, still burns in his mind like hell. It was mind-boggling again and again. 'What is he begging for it? I can do nothing. The wind is gone. They are not going to return what slipped out of my hand. I can't afford to be on edge. I hated him when I thought, 'I have to stay away from this problem.' He angrily tossed the magazine in his hand. It fell into a corner, was dragged away, and was scattered and lay helpless like the head's hair. He fell belly up on the sofa. He tries to sit very well. But still, he hated life.

After a while, he got up and looked outside. The sky is whining today, making an umbrella to summer sun, and crying without stopping a moment. It worked to wash the new jeep again and again without paying. The man who had seen the same thing for a while went back inside. He put the food he needed in a small carrying refrigerator. Then he took the necessary clothes and put them in a bag. Suddenly something important came to his mind. He opened the small wine cellar in his house. He lifted a bottle of whiskey from it and put it in the carrying refrigerator.

He looks out again. The sky continued to cry with grief that the sun had disappeared. The one who thought, 'Hmm, I can't see all this. I brought the items to the Door first. Then he took off his raincoat and put it on. The man who had taken the carrying refrigerator and the suitcase went out.

He put the items in his hand in the jeep. The jeep was ignited and came to life and ready to drive. He drove it. Sivakaran lowered the vehicle to the main road and turned onto the road leading to Gjøvik. Then the speed increased, and he moved on the way to Drammen. After a while, he left the trail and traveled on the Bergen path. When he slowed down a bit, he had a feeling that someone was following him. He looked to see if any acquaintances or Tamils were coming in the mirror.
He did not know that anyone was coming like that. Behind him came a rented Volvo car. He did not know who was coming because it was far away and raining. He slowed down, eager to see those behind him. Another driver, who was coming from behind, made a horn sound and overtook him away.

'This is all my delusion.' He stopped looking back and increased the speed of the car. He thought again, 'This is all nonsense.'
As the water dispersed on both sides, the car sped along the road to Geilo. Sivakaran is now starting to leak acid in his stomach. The ever-present hunger of the human race. He thinks of stopping at a gas station and bought a Hot Dog and thought he could go after eating. And he slowed the car down at the next gas station. Then he saw the Volvo passing him fast. Sivakaran was angry and irritated with himself again after not seeing who went in it. 'All right. Let's look at my work without worrying about unnecessary things.' He calmed himself down and entered the gas station. After a while, he took an ice pack and put it in the carrying freezer. He does not like to drink whiskey without ice cubes.

*

Tears continued to flow as the sky divorced the earth. Somehow the destination of the trip arrived at his cottage. His cottage was like a house more significant than the ordinary Norwegian people's hut. You can't buy such a rest house by doing paid work. For that, Sivakaran gets irritated like someone put chili powder in an open wound whenever he sees some people who seem like other people's comfort. It is a beautiful, luxurious, comfortable cottage that he bought for thirty lakhs. There was a small tin hut behind the rest house. That is where the firewood needed for burning is stored.

On one side, the beautiful lake stretched out and touched and rubbed cottage feet.
On the other hand, the dense trees kept their eyes fixed on the distance, ensuring solitude. A short walk leads to the hill. The top of the mountain is a white waterfall, a waterfall that buries silver wires inside and descends. Its base is a cascading waterfall of blue water tangled between beautiful virgins. There was a hidden spot just down the road from the main road to the rest house. It is a place for vehicles to park. Sivakaran parked his car there. From there, it was paved with tarpaulin to walk without soil. He walked into it. It was raining, but he was not cold. The cold of the rain caught him very much. The thought arose in him to reach out and see the raindrops. The carrying refrigerator and suitcase in hand refused to make room for it.
He dismissed the disappointment and walked towards the rest house. Eager to see the sun for tomorrow, Sivakaran stopped the alarm and entered the rest house.

Sivakaran went inside and turned on the TV. He took the pizza he had brought with him and put it to melt on the kitchen table. He predicts that it will warm up a little while and get ready to bake. He opened the Balcony door to allow fresh air into the house. The rain had stopped temporarily. The stair, followed by a balcony, kissed the water with lust and then perverted. The lake eagerly invited Sivakaran to get rid of loneliness's nostalgia. Sivakaran went downstairs and poured water on his hands, and hit him in the face. Then he took off his shoes and put his foot in them. It was nice to stand outside, but the peak of physical boredom took hold of him. Rain's moisture hinders the idea of staying there for a while. It made him very sad.

Sivakaran got bored and went back inside the house. He took the Blacklabel out of the refrigerator. He rubbed and rubbed the beauty of the blonde sweating in its cold. He put it in with passion several times and touched it. He then destroyed its virginity and poured it into a glass beaker filled with ice. He put the rest of the ice cubes in the freezer, came with the cold glass, and sat on the sofa.

There was something unbearable unrest inside. Memories revolved around Sivakaran's present existence, and today he has money. There is a lot of black money held without an account, and it is convenient.

There are family, relationships, home, car, etc. Yet peace alone is lost somewhere. Its nostalgia always leaves him relentless. He never feels that it loosens his iron grip. Sivakaran continued to meditate.

'The money and wealth I have now will never be earned by regular job just to live. You can not save so much money in this short period. No one can ask us to work for it without even a small wage. That is not fair. How much money would have gone to the hoax Tamil Nadu politicians? This work is my role and labor role to come and join. I can not donate anything to someone who is standing in the street. I have no intention to be like a bodhisattva.

That was very joy, who had seen television on with happiness after the factory work was over.
I lost it somewhere. The rot of that nostalgia continues. I could not escape from it for a moment, and that suffocation continues into eternal agony. I bought this money from the affluent. Why should my peace of mind contribute to that?' This situvation not clear to Sivakaran. He continued to think.

'Is this the result of my effort and my wish? How much torture would I have faced, and how many houses would I have climbed? How many people would have done famine drama for not paying? How much power do you need to buy from the Tamils who should not chase the crow by the Saliba's hand? How many people would have remained silent without opening the door as if they were not inside the house? They were the ones who saw rich men on the street and hid like a stingy one inside the house. I caught them pushing the kids to lie that they are not home. They shuddered in shame when the children told the truth without lying.

How hard would we have tried to pull these people out of the nest? Many more people could pull out if we can produce smells like a fox can get prey. How many people would have come to hit me angry at this pull? How many of them would have cried in their minds, smiled on their lips, counted the number of Kroner, and gritted her teeth to secure the receipts to help them later and get the state's concessions that would establish in Eelam.

Is this monetary revolution a gift to our labor and zeal, rather than a will, a quest for liberation? Aren't we the ones who brought the leader here who was somewhere? Isn't most of this money paid for their cynical future selfishness? If there is a drop in it for us, why should these people get abhorrence? How many wheels would remain motionless on the ground without our labor? If so, wouldn't the leader's force be starving in Eelam?

These people show no gratitude for anything. They would have licked my feet if everything had gone well. Everything went wrong. The foot of the hope has slipped. What stood as a mountain has gone to dust. Those who spoke heroic words for money misjudged the superpowers and built houses on cardboard. At Mullivaikkal is buried like a chariot buried in the curse of Karnan. What can I do about it? Who expected all this to happen? It Has happened.
Unchangeable, it has become permanent. India's enmity has avenged us as the enemy of the enemy is their friend. Historically, the Iron women and the Italian women were different. The old iron woman's son snatched by the LTTE, and it changed the address to a race in need. What is this politics for me after all?

Thousands of fire eyes are now on my property. Relief if I sell them and get lost in another country. I must think about it. I have to think deeply and decide what to do with it.' He retook the glass and carried it to near the mouth. Only then did he realize he had an empty drinking glass without whiskey. He got up again, poured whiskey into that glass, and came back to the sofa with a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, he heard a sound as a vehicle hit the bracket on the street. He could not hear any noise following. Thinking it must have been delusional or gone on TV, Sivakaran pulled back and one sip of whiskey in the mouth. He turned up the volume on the TV.

In TV 3, Harrison Ford's film witness went. Witness. It should have been without it. M. Only the Sri Lankan government fully understands it. That's what they thought. The elephant's feet can also sleep some time. The time may come when they too will be imprisoned.' The one who thought so slowly began to unite with Witness's story.

After drinking whiskey, my body warmed up nicely. The vision sharpened. The film on TV was as clear as a diamond painting. In the sense of flying, in the whirlwind of wine, came the urge to step in and want more whiskey. Sivakaran got up and poured more whiskey.

Sivakaran comes back on the sofa heat by the analogy of the body and the oven's heat and the whiskey that went inside. Something annoyed him. As a result, some sweaty pearls absorb into his body like glass bullets. They spread on his skin and then rubbed. He got up and opened the balcony door a little wider again. Embracing the lake in the darkness, the fantastic breeze rub against him and went. Those moments made him forget even the grievance of not having a wife.

3 Introduction

Now this story is on two sites.

Some time ago in Vardø.

The Indian Army set foot in Sri Lanka at the end of June, nineteen eighty-seven. The Eelam Tamils were overjoyed to have got an independent country. The Iron Woman is the frozen deity on the Eelam-Tamils' heart's high pedestal. The ordinary people thought it was a gift from the Son of Iron Woman. They quenched their thirst for freedom. In the following spring, fainting forgot the reality. A month earlier, Harry set foot in the northeastern Norwegian town of Vardø. The idea of solving Sri Lanka's problem was heartbreaking news for many Tamils living there. After getting the first month's salary, many people were shocked to multiply it by the Sri Lankan rupee. Many have forgotten the life that has passed in its trance and dream. They were alarmed by the news that the Indian Army would land in Sri Lanka and solve it. It gave a feeling of snatching the honey out of hand and replacing it with neem oil.

'Could this problem have been solved in one more year? Can we return to the country and start a fulfilling life as millionaires? Why did the Indian Army land in Sri Lanka now as if it was destroying everything? Why did they put dirt in our stomachs?' When some people verbally told Harry of their selfish pain, he became angry and sad. The heat burned in him when he thought that should not solve the national problem's solution for their selfish ends. At the same time, it was a pity to think that the soil had fallen in their desire to continue working for some more time. He thought it was the Jaffna people's mind that I should live well only no matter what if who goes how.

Then the Vardø Tamils enjoyed the peace well. They gave their whole life's commitment to work as it has become an important concept. Their life is that of work only. It was summer. There is no famine for the outstanding work of Tamils. Tamils sweated a lot. Sometimes they worked overtime until ten o'clock at night. It is customary to go to bed after cooking and eating something in the spare time after work.

This fast-paced life left beastly questions and researched frozen. They looked like frozen germs in his mind, and that long for the opportunity.

Where is the Equator? Where is the North Pole? It may come as a surprise to Harry that they have come so far. Vardø was only able to reach by travel two thousand kilometers from Oslo. This displacement and its speed shocked Harry with novelty. Some came to Norway from Sri Lanka because they needed to save their lives. Some have made the national problem a factor in making money. Then everyone multiplied the kroner into the Sri Lankan rupee and turned it in to work in their life. Det found paradise at hard labor. Is it paradise when you are united in something?

Who lived in Vardø was overwhelming surprised about the Tamil people's presence. It was given as much prominence as it publishes in the newspaper. Desire shone in the eyes of Norwegian women who did not see black skin before. The love sight of those women caught the Norwegian man's mind with the fire of suspicion.

One of the local newspapers came to interview. Harry grinned as he picked up a fish and advertised. The arms that had to lift the weapon then struck him with an inability to lift the fish. That's not a problem. He took the fish-cutting knife and turned himself into a fighter to cut the fish.

He denied the right to take up arms in the motherland. It pierces the thorn in his inside heart.
He wants to convince himself that the one who strikes is not the import but whether the end product must be rice.

One of the suitable lessons learned from the dilemma of movement in the Eelam struggle was the classic idea that anyone could do any work. Progressive thinking, the campaign's lessons, and some persuasive Marxist ideas helped. On top of that, space, time, and need pushed them away to do any work. After people what they are working on, evaluating them Is wrong. That is an inevitable reality here in Norway, and he had the opportunity to test it. Harry accepted it with great pleasure. With many young people left the movement, Harry did what they learned and practiced without a split and did this with a career's courage. It evolved into a non-discriminatory society in Vardø. Money left the survivors speechless. Knife lifting is an art that many later came to know.

Before Harry came here, Tamil speakers came here to study over two thousand kilometers from Oslo. It was a bit of a surprise to Harry, but it is not uncommon. Tamils in Jaffna do not fail to use it wherever there are opportunities. That proves it here as well.

*

Giving friendship to only four days in the Eelam struggle also applied to the Indian Army. The heroic verse spoke of those who came in the guise of suppressing the Sinhala army. Told the miraculous explanation for the political bankruptcy Eelam garlands and welcomed political elites' beginner. Who hated fox mind country? That not will help them but will use them. Instead, they allied friendship with the permanent enemy and relied on that. The Jaffna geniuses, incapable of thinking that their guidance would damage the last loincloth, became silent or prayed for survival. Those who did not know how to live lost their address by giving mouth and lost their breath. The Eelam people's life began to rush towards many more devastating, tragic episodes. The Eelam people's made sacrificed blood and lives to the vampire in those sad episodes. In that human sacrifice, the crowd that ran in search of affluence grew. The cruelty of thinking that money would come here if a corpse fell there was justified to everyone. The conscience cremates here as the corpse falls there and gives them cash. It describes a service to the country, patriots of patriots, and wax-melting sacrificial flames.

Tamils blindside by nationalism and listening to such sentimental verses with the horse's mania that ran in the race and cheered without questions. They gave money with generosity. There mourning, corpses, later cripples, and widows were produced generously in their money. The one who spoke out against it betrays and hangs him. They prepared the execution list without apology or change to the alternative commentator. It circulated the world.

Friends, friends, Friends' friends' friends like Tamil people in Vardø multiplied. The Vardø municipality tastes to receive the United Nations' money for refugees; they pick up and save that money unspent. It welcomed the Tamils with its ever-blooming face. The non-expenditure account gave them a decent profit.

Many screens obscure the information available to the powerless people living at the bottom of society. The grassroots population is generally less educated. It applies here as well. The opinion of many of them was that they were subject to the affections of ordinary human-like and dislikes. They were overwhelmed with hatred and suspicion about why these blacks were coming here. They throbbed at the thought of how to show their disgust. To humiliate the Tamils for that, they murmured 'Black' in the places they saw Tamils. Some youths parked the car in front of the Tamils, pointed there's ring finger upward, and insulted them. Vardø municipality did not notice or worry about anything. It makes them comfortable not to look like that. They planned to build a new retirement home with the refugees' money.

A Tamil radio station was started here by some of the first Tamils to come. Then they started thinking that it was the Tamils in the town where there was no Tamil Association. New Tamil Association was born in Vardø too. After people in Vardø multiplied, celebrations such as birthdays and weddings were grandly acclaimed and celebrated. It's hidden all the differences somewhere; like brothers, there is a unity that shows their world is different. It blossomed and smelled like a pleasant time when the poisonous air of politics did not seep in there. That spring did not last long. Wherever the money comes from, they will come to get their share. They will tie the knot to force their opinion on others. A monster with blind faith in the national faith will come and stand for it. That stood.

They advise by their men from Oslo and elsewhere that the brains in Vardø were not strong enough to handle the situation. People from other places slowly sent in and secretly infiltrated into the Tamil Association and the Municipal Council. At first, some people showed proudness of there's hometowns in Sri Lanka when everyone had forgotten everything. They thought like frogs it was proud for themselves. That arrogance pushed the ugly forward to some. So the other splits slowly lifted their heads.

Their plans are not significant. They have to spread their power wherever money flows and roll the money in bulk. They are maintaining contact with the Norwegian bureaucracy. In both of these, they acted very harshly. They prevented others from communicating with the bureaucracy and resorted to untruths about them. To do this, the sacrificing soldiers who ran in search of affluence prepared with blind devotion of their leader.

People from other movements denis right to fight by LTTE. They had to leave the country because they should not take up arms against their brothers. After coming here, anger and hatred flooded the minds of those seek peace against those who were arrogant and affluent applicants. It was waiting for the eruption to erupt like a volcano.

4 Earned sins

The man did not as the car stopped by the sudden break. That fact made him angry at himself. He anguishes about that he got a black dot his plan. He took the car back and stared at the light to see if there was any mark on the street. He did not see anything in the dark. He then slowly turned the car around and drove into the wooded area. He looked very secretly there and parked his car. He stopped the car engine and stared at it for a while to see if anything seemed to be wrong. He knew nothing. Satisfied, he put on the light bulb inside the car.

Once again, he made sure to observe the magical silence that no one else had. When he left for Denmark three months ago, he bought some goods. He opened that big bag and looked at it. He was kind of satisfied that it came to work. They never touched before. The objects that waited with the Virgin until today felt the desire to end his fine today and pull towards them with force. Then he opened the bag wide and looked inside. Inside, both a hunting knife and sharp Door breaking manual rescue tools encased in a protective leather case. Beneath them lay many objects. It also includes a contagion coat made of plastic that completely covers the body and falls away from the body. Its specialty is the smoothness that nothing sticks to easily. Its camouflage color was reminiscent of the military. The bag also contained gloves, goggles, a face mask, waterproof footwear, a small torchlight, and a handcuff.

He first put the gloves on his hands, and He took the rest one by one. Very observantly, he unbuttoned the robe in comfort to not make any mistakes. It saddened him to forget only one thing he had thought he should have done and brought with him. He picked up the hunting knife instead. That man turned off the light inside the car.

Then slowly left the vehicle and got out. The car door not slammed but shut it without noise, and he stood still and stared at Sivakaran's cottage. A small light leaked from there. It gave him satisfaction. The sky whimpered endlessly at the thought of the sun went in the opposite direction. He strolled towards the lake. He walked away observantly like a cat walking when hunting prey.

He went down to the lake and saw the stairs. He slowly grabbed it and climbed into it, and hid. Then he looked through the window to see what was going on inside.

*

When Sivakaran brought the whiskey back, he removed the polythene cover around the pizza, and put it inside the oven, and came and sat on the sofa. The last glass of whiskey made him a little dizzy. The world buried him in the couch and headed for the top of the universe. Sivakaran buried in the hole it caused. He forgot himself and floated intoxicated. Suddenly he laughed as loud as he could. It was as if there was no need to laugh anymore. He had tears in his eyes because of that. He understood that alcoholism is a miracle that can eat addictive anxiety.

The man who had climbed the stairs slowly advanced. He was very concerned that Sivakaran should not wake up awake. Leaving the balcony door halfway open reduced his work. It gave him great relief. He held on tight with both hands, ready to strike the sharp weapon he was carrying. As if walking after seeing the tiger their prey, he stepped on the ground and walked observantly. Wildly focused his attention on his prey, but Sivakaran is not aware of that.

He felt as if something had suddenly hit Sivakaran in the head. Everything went dark. A lightning strike destroyed the universe. He could think for a moment that he was fainting. He did not understand how long he had been unconscious. He shuddered when he fainted. In fear, the alcohol hysteria he had descended like a frightened snake and came to his head in agony and staggered. There was a tremor in his body.

The first time Sivakaran took a fear of death to see the eyes of the man who was wearing a hat covering his face, a kind of tremor spread slowly over the whole body. He was on the sofa.
There was a sofa table between him and Sivakaran. He looked like he had come to the crime scene to see him. Such outfits are worn by the forensic detective looking for criminal evidence after a crime. Sivakaran did not understand why he came here dressed like this. He felt tied to a chair and handcuffed.

That immovable iron grip gave Sivakaran a stop for a breath of fresh air. The man stared at Sivakaran. Then he stared at the Black label on the table. The witness is nearing the final stage in the rear TV.

The man picked up the Black label and stared deep into it. The smell of whiskey made him feel as if he knew its nature.

'Deceiving the people, Wouldn't it be so delicious if you bought a 'Black label' from their money? Was there? Are you going to drink more?' He got up from the sofa as fast as possible and stood behind Sivakaran's chair around the sofa table. Sivakaran trembled at the sight of him coming so quickly. 'Drink a little?' When he heard it again, he suddenly grabbed Sivakaran's hair, pulled it back, put the Black label bottle in his mouth, and tried to pour on the mouth like a cow-calf fed with a cup having a nose. Sivakaran's neck ached at the pull he made. He felt it's going to break with death pain. He screamed in pain, "Ah!" The next moment he closed his mouth tight. The man was angry because he spilled a large portion of the liquor drunk by Sivakaran out of the mouth. He angrily poured the remaining whiskey on Sivakaran's head. He quickly threw the bottle into a corner. Then looking at Sivakaran,

'I can just ignite lighters and set you on fire. You, too, will go to the burning ashes here. That would be the nearest road to death. It's easy for you to die. The answers you give me will guide you on whether or not it shows the long or short way to your death. Is the tape tight? Be upright and courageous. You all screamed and abused lots of innocents. How Much Money have you all stolen from them? That time you were upraised your chest and went around with confidence. Please tell me very quickly everything. That will help. I will be a good man. I think you like the comfortable path to death. Am I right? ' He said. Now he spoke in a distinct voice. Sivakaran took courage, and he speaks as he was not afraid.

'Just nonsense. I am not afraid of you at all. You will never kill me. There is no escape from the punishment of murdering anyone here.
Sri Lanka is the only country murderer who commits murder roams freely without punishment.'

'Um, true. The innocent Tamil people have not killed the Sri Lankan government and yours and our people. But we do that, and perpetrators roamed there without any punishment. Some of them live all over the world as a free men. Also, your men dragged the children from their parents without their will in Vanni and another part of Eelam. The mother, who went in search, kicked the back by you. Those who escaped were caught and beaten, and some shot. The women shaved their heads and chased them away as prey to the Sri Lankan army. You called betrayer to the one who stood up and asked you for justice. They were happy to put a bullet on the skull. The people of our also competed for the title. You see all as a traitor to everyone who speaks the truth. Like you caught hanged as enemy and traitor on a light post.

Yes, Your heroes of terrorists set up torture camps. They committed atrocities against their people. That even those not perpetrated by the Sri Lankan state apparatuses, and you told a lie that what we did to our women in East Sri Lanka with peace of mind that the Sinhalese Army has already done several times? When the weapon came into play, only the native Tamil-speaking animals roamed with our people to exterminate the ideals and humanity. The intellectuals and politicians who wanted to snatch the burning house with selfishness have always advocated for you. Others became silent, fearing for their lives. I do not care about the state machine. The Tamils aimed to fight even they knew the Sri Lankan state would hunt it. But we must first talk about what you did for our brothers in the name of freedom.

Murder hysteria in response to murder hysteria in nationalism and racism enact as innocence. Its correct king will punish the same day, but God will punish in his own time. You should not have this arrogance even after you know well about this. You need to understand that your story is like a lamp that goes out soon.' Said the man.
'What are you going to do to me now? Are you going to kill me? ' Sivakaran asked.
'Hm, hm, hm,' The man smiled like that house vibrating by his smile.
'Hmm, is murder new to us? They killed on suspicion.

They ordered to brothers to murder their brothers, and they marched, dragged their comrade's body through the streets by your people beat their unconscious brother without any guilt.

Murder is not a crime in our society. Who will forgive Jaffna's people for giving soda to those who were the murderers? Killing is one of the pious deeds of our community. The Hindu salvation offers liberation to the souls trapped in the nest who languish in worldly misery. Whoever, who, when, where, killed will be taught justice for it. A group will believe it without question. Did they invent a more excellent philosophy than that? Do you know what it is? The one who kills is always the traitor of our race. The killers are the heroes of our race. He is a traitor even though he is a chicken thief. Innocents also brand as traitors; when one sees everything is dark, they will fascinate demonically everywhere.

'Please leave me, let go. I did nothing. I am an innocent.'
'M innocent. Like this is how they screamed while your people are killing innocents, and they begged. They lamented the same word over and over again. But Your People don't trust them, and your People remembered two words. First betrayer. Second soil recovery. Your People destroyed humanity for this two. Leave it at that; why should I trust you? Can you tell me a good reason? If you say so, I will let you live.' The man rubbed his jaw and thought. Sivakaran could not guess what he was thinking.
'Oh, I have children and a wife. Please do not hurt me. 'Sa Sivakaran.
'Say it like this. Thousands said the same word and nodded to you. Hmmm, But didn't those words fall on your ears? How many wives cried for their husbands? How many young women have become widows with broken hearts, and How many women came to the middle of the street with four or five children? Do you understand the woman's tragedy whose husband killed the second day of the marriage? Do you know, who cares about Tamil culture today, what you did then? How can the ignorant even understand what was difficult to comprehend by Arjuna?

How did you change the lives of many young women who wanted to live with dreams in a few moments without question? Do you understand? Does anyone today know about the unbearable pain of death? Were the tears of the women who fell at their feet and begged not to kill their husbands worth anything? Whose ear did the roar fall on it? You ended up dragging them, beating them, torturing them, and killing them. You took off the slain man's skirt and gave it as proof of the end of life.
Did their anarchy continue on the ground and in the field in the name of liberation?'

'Please, I make no mistake. We have only collected money for LTTE. I do nothing more than that. Don't do anything to me. I take your hand as your foot and bow to you, don't harm me.'
'You tell me the story of holding hands and bowing while your hand-tied by tape. Well. Come to the point. You raised money for them. It went there as a weapon. For use it, Fearless, don't understand life, young chicks; Was required. You have been a reason to drink the lives of thousands of innocent children. Do you understand? Is this a service? Is this the way to the existence of our race? Well, let that go too. You frightened the people to get cash from them. Then you took part in money and abuse. Is it betrayal itself? Are you a traitor? Or martyrdom? Is this your language? '
'I will not betray anyone.'
'Hmm, isn't it treason to make money?'
'I'm not abusing people for money. Please leave me.'
'Oh really?'

The man got up angrily and went towards the bedroom. He went into the bedroom and removed the two pillows' covers on the bed. Then he went to the kitchen and opened and closed all the cupboards. He finally opened the deep freezer. The ice cubes that Sivakaran had bought caught his eye. He first poured them into a pillowcase. Then he put the overlay on top of it. The ice cube becomes a large coconut-sized ball. He grabbed the rest of the pillowcase. He once slammed the sphere against the kitchen wall. Sivakaran was startled and trembled when he heard the noise. Does the deep sign on the scoring kitchen wall make you laugh as the witness? Or that is crying for what will go to happen? He didn't understand it either. 'Witnesses fear anarchy. It is often silent. ' Only he understood. The man walked furiously towards Sivakaran. Sivakaran saw the man returning. Sivakaran trembled when he saw the sphere in his hand. He understood that he was not an empty hunter. 'Nallur Kandane! If he leaves me alive, I will come to you and lift a Kavadi for you. ' With fear, he made at a shallow sound agreement with Murugan. Murugan can not save thousands of innocent devotees from being killed up close to his temple. Will he listen if the phone works? Because he also becomes modern?
'Well, tell me now, tell me clearly why I trust you.' Said the man.
Frightened, Sivakaran summoned his courage,
'I do not see any mistake. Those who do not do wrong should not torture like this. Show that there was evidence of wrongdoing? I agree with that. Then do whatever you want.' Said Sivakaran.

'You guys who know swallow the mountain. Will you give evidence against to you, to like me a person? OK, let it go. Answer only one question I ask without thinking, directly and quick.' Said the man.
'What? Please stop torturing me.'
'Death to the coward every day. For hero death only for one day. I don't tell you this. It is your verse. Tell the truth. Be a hero. Please answer the question I am asking now without going around the flash story. You, to do not go to work. Um. Your wife also does not go to work. Torment the people day and night and gather money from them is your whole day work. In a Benze car, your wife drives her royal children, and she does not want the children's feet in the ground. The poor children from Vanni and Batticaloa come to the jungle and go barefoot, cut by glass, thorny, and fight for you? Can they take a bullet for you and die like a dog? Not to be trampled soil underfoot by the royal children here. Well, come to the point. Aren't you both working? Am I right?'
'I work in the store sometimes. I am getting unemployment benefit too.'
'Hmmm, you have legs and hands like Bhima, but you are getting unemployment benefit too? OK, leave it at that. That is the problem of the Norwegian government. I know shop work. You work illegally. Black money? Don't forget to say it. How much earn by that? A five thousand kroner? How much you get by unemployment benefit too? '
'M'
'You have a big house in Oslo. That too west part of Oslo. You have four rooms at home. And we can't even dream of anything like that. You have a new Benz. Hmmm. Such a big cottage. Can you fill petrol for the Benz that five thousand you ern store? Then they give you that unemployment benefit? The cost of meals? The luxuries of princes? The Queen's expenses? How? I do not understand. Tell me a little Rasa? Does any royal family relate to your family? Or you got money from one of Norway's richest men? Tell me. Tell me fast, don't get hit by me, Kanna.'

He began to gently shake the ice cube ball in his hand back and forth. Sivakaran's head, which looked like it had seen the sphere, began to move back and forth under the force of gravity. The eyes fixed on the game of that sphere, and dead afraid have settled on those.

'Do you know how it can be if you got a hit?' He looked at Sivakaran and suddenly asked.

'Handcuffed and taped me and then don't speak of heroism, If you want to release me. let's see the story as one-man against one-man.' Said Sivakaran with sudden boldness.
'In Vanni prison, you did not tie them and just beat them with peacock feather? Let go of the one-man against one-man. How can you leave who duster in eyes? OK, let it go. There would have been thousands of murders in your struggle. To everyone you tell 'Sir, I am going to kill you,' put a weapon in their hands, formally like the Barath war blow cone, did you shoot face to face? Do we even have the humanity as Rama tell Ravan to go today and come tomorrow? Hmmm, You don't fool me as a child. Answer the question I asked. Other Ways I will blow in your back head.' He threw the ice ball towards Sivakaran. Sivakaran pulled his head back in fear.
'I don't have the patience anymore. Tell fast. Tell me where all this money came from?'
'What are you going to do after I say that? You don't kill me?'
'No, tell me.'
'We got some loan from our relation. Taking also some money from a credit card.' He replied as if crying innocently.

The man jumped up and slapped Sivakaran on the Backhead.

'Hey, You want to fool me? If you tell one more lie, I will kill You. By your selfish struggle is where the existence of a race questions. People like you play the key role. If you try to fool me again, I will break your back head. First destruction of Backhead. Next will be life-threatening.' He growled. Sivakaran shuddered in fear. He did not understand who the man was angry at it. He was afraid, glittering in his eyes, and unable to believe his condition.
'Tell me. Tell me the truth. This time is your last chance, to tell the truth.' Said the man. Sivakaran began to tell the truth for the sake of life. Fear of death slowly began to engulf him. In it, his determination dissolved totally.

'We are working day and night. For that, we just took a little bit of that. The last one is what belongs to us. What is the fate of those who donate the last significant amount but have earned it by our hard work? Last, many people gave the LTTE money, and they must be an idiot.

How many people can we refund for that? We do not have the gathered cash in our hands. Much of it was relocated by some is big heads. Even we give money; they don't let us go easily? Where will all people come and ask, give me and give me, again and again? We took what we had last. We have a lot of other problems because of that. Why do you come and beat me when the big heads roaming around like a great human being? But people only want to hunt like me a small tail? Neither you nor people dreamed of the Great movable or immovable property expropriation that great human beings have. That is no easy to get.'
'I know that too. Let it be. Don't you have a guilty conscience for you cheated innocent people?
Everyone believes the lie you told, and they lone money for who mortgaged the house and gave you. Is it fair?'
'That was there's destiny. What can we do for that the people who are so childish innocent? Survival of the fittest. This act is also survival. That's what we worked hard for it. Is there anything wrong with thinking that it should be useful? We took the allowance for that. That's all.'
'You don't care how many innocent children not survive in your survival here. No matter how many Thaalee is cut and women become widows, it does not matter for you. It does not matter how many people paralyze or handicap. Is that so?'
'No. It's different. And that's different.'
'Where else, It's different, And that's different? How Many times can you tell like that? '
On hearing this, the man angrily and brutally struck Sivakaran on the neck with an ice sphere. For a moment, the world was dark for Sivakaran. Choked and pain climbed up to the throat. It was life's last suffocation. It fully proved that life would end with it. The body was cold and sweaty with fear. It changed, and suddenly it burned all over the body. The chest tightened so that Yaman presses on it. Fear arose as to whether life was going to end.

Sivakaran calmed down for a while. He took a deep breath in and out. He did not understand what to do now. Saliva looked down the throat, unable to swallow. He was bleeding in the mouth. He didn't dare to spit out. The clever tactic now seemed to fall at the fighter's feet for anything.
'Do nothing. Whatever you want, I will do for you. Please do not take my life. I have a wife and children, and they need me, please.

Sivakaran's voice had changed. It hurt in his throat as if he was going to say every word. He did not understand how to escape from the manic beast standing in front. 'Killing means putting the bullet in the head and letting it die in an instant? Why is he beating me up for not doing that? ' Sivakaran was confused as he did not understand. Sivakaran was stunned, not knowing whether he needed money or his life or both.

'Hmm, what will you give?'
'I can give you cash. Gold coin.'
'How much will you give?'
'Two lakhs.'
'Beggar money.'
'Well, I will give you three lakh.'
'No, at least five.'
'I don't know that I have five.'
'Did you want to give up your life for that?'
'I don't have that much here.'
'How much you have?'
'Almost four. I do not remember. A thousand bills.'
'Is that all you have?'
'That's all I have here.'
'Where's the rest?'
'In bank Locker.'
'How much?'
'I don't remember exactly. There will be five lakhs.'

Unexpected pleasant shock to the man was the feeling that flashed through his body. He did not expect the treasure to the place where he had gone hunting. He never imagined that he would find such a great treasure. The man stood motionless for a few moments, unable to believe it. Five lakh kroner can be saved here by an ordinary worker only if he has ten years left in his stomach half full. 'Money? Or the peace of thousands of souls? Is not the peace of thousands of souls the primary? If not both? If can send it to sinners. What if it could help a weakened faith?' The man reasoned within himself.

'Well, where's that money?' The man looked at Sivakaran and asked.
'What guarantee is there that you will let me live after you have received the money?'

'You're a prisoner who can do nothing now. You do not have the permission required to offer. I have to accept your money first. Then I have to forgive you. Only then can you go alive. I do not know when and how the mood will change. You have to have a solid life. That's what keeps you going. Tell me, where's the money? '

Sivakaran was speechless. The man spun the ice ball fast, and water dripped as the ice melted.

5 Imposition

Some time ago in Vardø.

The radio station in Vardø had set aside time for broadcast in Tamil for two days a week. The broadcasts took place in the evenings. That day Harry also went to the radio station. Some people gathered there to produce a Tamil play. It is the developmental hobby of the Tamils which first started. For some, it was a love affair and a quest to love Tamil even after coming here. The first to go to Vardø were Tamils who came to Norway to study. The persistence was that they could only get a visa if they got to school somewhere. Those who understood that reality; crossed two thousand kilometers and came here to continue their studies and get a student visa. Some of the refugees who later come to Vardø also joined the radio.

Harry has experience playing in school. Knowing this, the artist that radio station summoned him there. It is very dull for Harry to be alone as there are not many jobs. He loved to search for such art, speak, and have fun in Tamil. He was present with time to the radio station today without denying that desire. Only a few in Vardø were residing as a family at the time.
Everyone else lived in the imagination of the angels who would come flying as wives. Come much poetry about the wife in the madness of alcohol intoxication.
Everyone else lived in the angels' imagination who would come as a wife and fluffy their desire, and poetry about the wife in the frenzy of alcohol.
While watching theatrical rehearsal at the radio station, Kugan came in with a hat on his head and a very thick coat all over his body.
He has a mustache like a field destroyed in the rain. It is his nature to pull his stuffy nose constantly. The sight of the fox hides in his eyes constantly.
Those involved in the theatrical production inside the radio studio made by glass room stopped it and came out. They were confused as to why Kugan had come now.

Kugan hails from Vaddukkoddai in Sri Lanka. Some had come abroad even before the Eelam struggle traveled without knowing the direction. Then people like Kugan and people from other movements came here. People like Kugan did not go into the freedom movements in Eelam but stood still at a distance and warmed up. Then they came here in search of wealth, citing the national problem. As soon as they get here, they also become the patriotic chest tapping of patriotism. He now only supports violence. Only the way it shows. There is only the pathetic, miserable peace that there are no rights without losses from here on in the Eelam struggle. When the loss is not me when the sorrows do not strike me, why do we hesitate to speak the heroic verse? Like he has not the courage to push the selfishness of it.

Harry doesn't like to see him. Harry has a stomach ache when he sees him because he is the image of a lie. The first verse he uttered while speaking on the first day was, ' I will return to my homeland in six months whether the national problem is solved or not.' That is. Harry immediately thought that even his body would be buried here without a doubt. Today is not six months but more than a year. He wanders here to tack his wife and children. Harry did not understand why he said he would return to the country in six months. 'To deceive us? Or to deceive himself? Just to make sure there was no crowd rushing in search of material? What is the purpose?
Who is that verse to deceive? ' Harry's confusion continued.
Kugan had an audiotape in his hand. He swung it and tried to show others. Thiru looked at him,
'What the cassette? What is the matter?' Asked.
'Nothing. There are some national anthems in it. It would be nice to have broadcast this before the radio starts. This song is the request of many. Shouldn't the Tamil feeling be given up anywhere? Would it be a lift, an honor, and inspiration to first broadcast on the radio those who fought for us and their hymns?' Said Kugan.

Harry is as patient and calm as Gautama Buddha. He could not be as impatient as he had seen the killers of Buddhism on the day he saw Kugan standing with the tiger's anthem.'National Anthems? Hmmm. What about the national anthems? National anthems for which country? At one time, a lot of movements struggled for us.

Some are even fightings today. What is the national anthem of which movement? Who decided on our country's national anthem? When and where was it resolved? They have burned living people even though they were their brothers; who will save us? Who loves humanity can say that these are freedom fighters? We do not fall into the illusion of wearing a mask. We understand the sorrows of real-life and want recovery from it. That is the aspiration of us. Can we not forget that the mistake one or two people have made the reason for altogether chasing a fraternal race? With what moral face can do it? Can you recognize what has done? How can we say that we are fighting for freedom and rights?

'Well, this radio does not work to point out any errors or omissions of anybody. Created this radio to run beyond politics. We cannot accept the politics of any of these movements.' Said, Harry. The suspicion arose in him that he had taken the extreme right.
'What are you talking about it? Whatever the leader does, he will do it with purpose. Should all the anthems of those carrying rice parcels put in the national anthem? Tamils have only one leader, and we have only one movement. It is a national anthem. Everything is under one umbrella. If not, no one can save them.' Said Kugan.
'What the hell? Are you terror us? Let people say this. Or you should have struggled and proven from there. Why did you leave it and run here? Everyone knows that you ran to work to solve your problem with this chance. You are holding the flag here after running from there. It's OK, hold on well. We will not hold the flag after coming here like you. We went there for the movement to fight for the country. A dictatorial movement has banned us from having the right to fight there. They murder many. Violence diverts the struggle. Come here and calm down to avoid destruction, with no other option. Why are you bothering us unnecessarily? Why are you dragging us to the trouble that has left us for no more cruelty.' Said, Harry.
'Harry brother, why are you wast your time talking to him like this? Come on. I'm talking to him,' Said Thiru.
'Oh, in a way, you would be right to answer.' Harry said and sat down in the chair outside the glass room.

Thiru was one of the founders of this radio. What started as a hobby is now in the process of being captured for propaganda. He knew it well. He was meticulous not to impose any movement-based ideas on this as long as he was there. Importers do not tack rest.

They acted cunningly to loading their poison ideas into broadcasting. As drop-out, even the right to fight denis. In the guise of a national problem, the refugees here, the number of people who came searching for material things gradually increased, and the strategies and tactics behind it were exposed as little by little from Oslo. One has the democratic right to express one's support or help to those who want it. No one here is going to interfere in that. Similarly, those who support the LTTE do not seem to think. Harry is aware of the tremendous political maneuvering in Vardø, forcing his opinion and expecting that people like Harry against him will support him and move or cut the chess piece according to their wishes.

Harry knows the Tamils who live here with six different mindsets.

The same place people are fighting for liberation. A group that blindly supports the fact that he is the leader without question or political wisdom because they come from the same place. Their home town, their caste, exclaimed in the deep sense and shouted with boundless pride in their minds. They think that it only fits, to say, their caste. This behavior shocked and traumatized Harry.

Second, types of people are those who identified themselves as oppressed. To get rid of the fact that they were Dalits, ignorantly, miserably, in the overconfidence that these were the ones who would sow their seeds for liberation, Saying yes to all and forward the donation of the money earned by the sweat. They looked at the one who did not give and annoying.

The third type is more dangerous than these. Harry understands this well. Nothing matters to them. They will not hesitate to sell or buy anyone to protect their interests. They are the ones who do not hesitate to join anyone. To tell YES YES to anything and achieve their thing.

Part of the hardline nationalist elite and the selfish in another movement include this type.
Overall they have no deep concern about the freedom struggle or its pros and cons and where they will drag our race in the future. They only had the wolf's vision of what they would get now from this struggle. Beyond that, they dream that if they get Tamil Eelam, they can drag the shirt collar away. They were willing to do whatever it took to do that.

Fourth, when a mob denis the right to fight, they take refuge in a foreign country on a plane, hoping to save their lives, not knowing where they are going, and escape from being killed. They seek to start a peaceful life in the countries of refuge. When pressure comes to support the same movement that denied them even the right to fight in the home country, they do not seem to have any choice but to oppose them wholeheartedly. With them stood the part of the victims that movement, physically tortured, mistreated, and brutally beaten, Or those who seek justice with far-sightedness who does not look after his interests, stood as a part. These were the annoying believers that they were a solid obstacle to their plans and threatening to do their thing.

The fifth is a pathetic crowd brainwashed because their relationship has joined the movement. Whose losses are to be respected. Justifying a thousand more failures for their loss is like asking for a thousand sacrifices for their sacrifice. Harry does not understand what justice is in this. Does Harry not know that a thousand more innocents should become heroes against their will for your own become heroes?

Sixth is other movements have resorted to violence in the guise of opposing LTTE at any cost, and those who the LTTE once punished. These are the ones who paralyze, lost their mind by the horror of terror. Harry has no problem with who and how they are. The big problem here, Harry thinks, is forcing others to be like themselves. No one is going to care about giving what they want. He cannot accept imposition, extortion by others.

Kugan lost his patience. He is suddenly lifting the cassette upwards,
'What, Thiru, did you broadcast songs or not? Everyone left the country and came here for safety from Sri Lanka armed force. What is important to do now is more important than why we came here. Until now, we have had many movements struggled for freedom. That's the old story.
No longer, we must be united and help together now; it will be useful for everyone. You put on this song. That is the beauty of being Tamilien.' Said Kugan.
'Wow, If we don't broadcast this song, we all become a different race in a moment? Will that new race is the traitors?' Harry was intolerant. He had lost his patience and become another person.
'Wait, Harry brother, I will talk with him.' Said Thiru. Harry was shocked that he lost his patience and fell on anger like this.

'Kugan understands your desire. I have the opinion that I can do the same. But in Vardø, we have all the movement boys and the people who support them. If we broadcast you sang today on the radio tomorrow, other movement boys will come with their songs. Then campaigning for you and solving the problem will be a full-time job for us. In practice, it will always come to an unsolvable conflict. As soon as we started the radio, we tell that this radio not uses for any political purpose. I think you are not here at that time. Now listen carefully. We will not broadcast any movement-related song on this radio, and It can be any movement. It is a radio created by individuals. Even so, we think it will be a common arena for everyone without politics. No one can spearhead that policy. We do not destroy that. Please allow us to operate independently.' Said Thiru.

'I asked you to broadcast a song. You are preaching so well. Appakuddy Thangamma can't compete with you. Here we can preach too. But will it help Tamils? Must contribute to liberation anyway. Do you know how to say They do not contribute to independence?' Said Kugan
'What, the story is going wrong here? Are you trying to scare us? Do you call us traitors? You must forget that dream forever if you think that afraid of your degrees or are so scared of being scolded. You have to forget we will give it up. Tamil radio in Vardø we drive. We have a plan for how to proceed. Like this is how it happens. We're not ready to bow to anyone and run the radio.' Said Thiru.
'You talk like you own a radio bring with you here. Is this the radio that provides to Tamil? The same Tamil brings this to us. We know how to do it. We have a Tamil majority. Do you know about that? ' Said Kugan.

'Where are you standing, and what are you talking about it? Do you know about us? ' Thiru, who did not know what he was doing, ran towards him. Harry jumped up and grabbed Thiru.
'Do not melee unnecessarily. Then it will be a reason for the question about our radio.' Reassured Harry.
'Are we going to fight with them? They come looking for that and drag us into a fight. They talk about the majority and minority. Look at the ease with which they can do anything from the majority. All these are the liberators of the minority. Those who do not know how personal development handled themselves began to develop the whole world.'
'All right, Thiru, If we yell at them, it's like the dog barking at the moon. They were a little snowy. Time will tell.' Said, Harry.

'Oh, look at who's snowing. You are talking without know about our strength. We have the right to suppress the mob of traitors.' Said Kugan.
'Who is the traitor? Who is the traitor? '
Thiru ran towards Kugan angrily from Harry's grip.

6. Slaughter

The breeze embraced the cold tight, and with wild arrogance, the cold breeze blew to the man with love. But the man slapped the Door lightly. Then he looked at Sivakaran angrily.
'You don't talk. Money is not essential to me. Self-satisfaction is more important than that. If money were necessary, I would have joined a money collection group like you. Do you think I do not know this thing? I Know. But could not sell my conscience. Leave it at that, um; isn't your life important to you. what? ' Said.
'Please, don't do anything to me.'
'Hmm, say that. Tell me where the money is?'
'There is a carpet in the middle of the small hut outside this big hut. Suppose you take that you will see the floor. The four stones in the middle of that space are movable. There will find an iron frame if you pick up the stones. If you lift it too, it will be three parcels under that.'
'I will not talk about it if it is a mistake what you are telling.'
'No, there's money where I said.'
'OK, let's go and find out, then come back to you.'

The man went and immediately came back and checked very carefully whether Sivakaran's rope tightening was correct. Then he tightened and corrected the loose rope.
He carefully took Sivakaran's mobile phone with him. He hurried into the hut. It also had electricity to make his job more manageable. He took the carpet and inspected the floor. He picked up something like the plate and left it between the stones. The stones moved. The iron frame came up. Below were three packs carefully wrapped in plastic wrap. He hurriedly picked one up and looked away. The smell is unchanging as new thousand kroner bills lay close to close in that parcel. He quickly picked up the three packs and returned home. Sivakaran was not idle. He was trying to escape. Could not. The chair leaned over and fell to the ground. It provoked anger in the man. He lifted Sivakaran with a chair. Then looking at Sivakaran,

'How much you have more than this?' Tell me that.

'That's what I already said. I have nothing more than this. Please. Just leave me. I kept half of this amount here and the rest there without being put in bulk elsewhere in one place. Please leave me now.'
'My humanity says that let you go free, then? What guarantee is there that people like you will not still deceive the people, show how they will not go, and extort money? '
'Please, I am changed. I don't want any others money. I want to see my children and wife.'
'I like to release you. But you are a criminal. Even you don't see my face, you will identify who is me by the voice. You may have already wondered what can put deception on me for sending me to jail tomorrow. The other man has no power or permission to take another man's life. I also believe that no one can give the ability to anyone. Today, I asked myself if that rule can apply to the animal with a human form. That answer no to me. What can I do? You have been making mistakes for many years. So the restless mind. I did not regret the reason until today. How can I trust that mind will regret now? There is nothing new that I am going to do. We changed our culture like that. Many of you cut a man's throat after ingratiating yourself in his confidence, Isn't our culture? Isn't this what I did to you in the first place? Is not that what I did to you today in the first place? Has there never been a time in our history when there were no such beheadings? '

'I will not tell this matter to anyone until I am alive. You will not be disturbed by me. Please let me go.' Sivakaran pleaded again.
'After begging for lifelike this, for some time acted as excellent people and then became a murder is a well-known story for us. This history is the exclusive historical experience of Eelam-Tamil. You will start to upraise your chest if I remove handcuffs on your hand. After that, even if you don't go to the police, you put your servants to take my life. We are a race accustomed to revenge, murder to murder. Isn't it? This about Mahabharata without the Pandavas. Ramayana without Raman. Only destruction and immorality will prevail here. Nothing makes sense in the end.'
'I don't know about that. Let me go.'
'You are sinful. I want to set you free. Aren't we the Hindus born of water and associated with water? Isn't that kind of body we have? Those who know that souls are eager to reach the Supreme soul.'
'What are you saying?' Sivakaran trembled with fear.

Dissolve the ice and pour the water on the sofa. The man was upset that his plans did not go according to schedule. He hurried towards the kitchen. He put more ice cubes from the freezer into the sphere and fixed it. He did not have time to talk to Sivakaran over it. For a moment, 'Shall we leave him alive like this?' he thought. Then he changed his mind and think that's the word 'Do the duty and do not expect the reward.' and went after Sivakaran with the anger that today it has come to the fore following Lord Krishna's order. He then attacked his neck repeatedly like a maniac with the ice sphere like Bhima's mace.

After the first blow, a scream of 'Aaaa' came from Sivakaran. Then he faints and stops that scream. The man continued and again lowered his total strength towards Sivakaran's neck. The only scripture in his mind and action is to kill without sufferings in a short time. He acted savagely. After a while, he noticed that he breathes very softly and was coming and going. He grabbed Sivakaran's head with both hands and twisted it around. There was not much difficulty in it as the neck bones were already broken. He may have used a hunting knife. He thought something terrible had stopped him from doing so. What it vows is only light for him and the Lord.

The man saw Sivakaran standing for a while and took off his handcuffs. He went into the bedroom, picked up a blanket, and wrapped it. Then he took the money and went down to the side of the lake.
He padded towards his car. Somewhere in the foothills, some wolves howled. How do deaths know them? Does the movement of souls frighten wolves? Many ambassadors of Yaman would have come for Sivakaran. What if he escapes? What if the account survives? He thought it must be Yaman's precautionary measure.

7 News

There was a scorching sun present this Saturday. The sun takes frequent days off from hiding behind the cloud, and it looks like he understood that it was a day off for human beings today and early in the morning, take off his cloud clothes, as a sacred ashes less naked ascetic, he presents in a hot naked form. After the regime lost, cold ran away with anger and sorrow; the power-hungry warm flirt became a lover of the wind. These lovely pastimes come here occasionally and browse. Today is a beautiful day, a blessing in disguise. His heart leaped to celebrate that gift.

Ramu was planning to go to the beach somewhere today. He plans to spread the sun's rays freely on the body and lie down under the sun. That wish suddenly turned into a challenging competition. Suman called and asked to come to Harry's home with him. It got a little boring for Ramu. He has no habit of refusing if anyone calls him for help. Everyone knows that if Ramu called, he would come. That is his weakness. Suman will call Ramu for anything. He will take the extreme privilege that Ramu is his native town. The following reason is to have a monster-like body and strength accordingly. No matter who called, Ramu was never openly bored with it. He will always help anyone with a smiling face whenever he sees them. To him, the cute baby man looks like a monster.

It is eleven o'clock when Ramu and Suman go to Harry's house. Harry lived in a detached house in Ulsrud. He used to cry that he had unknowingly bought the house some time ago and now pays interest. If the home is alone, you do not have to pay maintenance every month. To compensate for that, we have to do the maintenance work ourselves. He would get bored of those jobs now and say he would sell this and buy a flat.

Boomani will not let go of it. She is not ready to lose the freedom to make noises, and that is only if possible when she has an alone house. Want to cook what she likes without fearing anyone.
Wish to invite guests as, and to celebrate. It seemed to her that she had found a way to pass the time without children by scratching the four apple trees, playing with flower plants, and clip the overgrown grass. Leisure is not a problem for Harry.

Visit people have a problem, Meetings, Literary encounters, lots of art shows, Birthdays, Weddings, Puberty function, Funeral attendance and so on like this, that he will crawl without rest. Although Boomani goes with him for some, she does not go for many. That and the birthday celebration will come every Saturday and Sunday. Giving gifts and brushing your teeth can be embarrassing, though. The rude question of how many children you have will suddenly go and fall like a ball from the previously unknown people.
In such cases, the earth will be torn apart to Boomani. That's why she doesn't want to go to her birthday party at all.' You're not coming because of jealousy.' Harry tells Boomani. Even if Harry thinks to put her in the branch of a tree and slide, Boomani does not fall victim to it. Boomani doesn't like money collectors to LTTE. Money collector to LTTE does not let her go easy. Despite many counter-arguments, she never invested in injustice in the end. So, they get free bad words, many dialects behind their backs. It reaches the ear. They made sure to stick to what they believed was right even if it went the ear. They do not have two tongues. There is no room for two speeches.
Time moved rudely forward. Those who were scorns, those who gave pure Tamil epithet, now float with grief in the lost dream.

After knowing that Suman and Ramu would be coming in a while, Boomani cleaned the table with some chairs. She cut flowers are grown by her hand with the stem and put them in a beautiful vase filled with lots of water. It understood the wonder of smelling beautiful. She picked up the bottles of beer from Harry's store room and searched the refrigerator's space put them there. She plans to grill today. Harry didn't like it. It is customary to grill when summer comes. His long-standing argument is that burning and eating are somehow unhealthy.

Today sun shining and want to make biryani and eat, harry said to Boomani. Boomani also gave the green flag to it and didn't want to argue about it. Harry, who went to buy samba rice for Briyani, comes back and gets off that from the car, and same time Ramu and Suman get right there. The street was quieter than usual since it was Saturday. A police car drove past their house.
Boomani bought rice from Harry. Then look at everyone and say, 'Come in.' Suman hurriedly looked at her and asked
'What about my matter Akka?'

'That's right. I took it for you yesterday. Ask when you go home.' She Spoke. Ramu is unbearable,
'What is that?' Asked.
'No, I had asked for twenty thousand Kroner to help with the cost. The rest I will get from the credit card. It cost a lot to get married.'
'Why could you have asked me?'
'I don't ask because you'll spend it with the paycheck.'
'That's right too.'

Bring bottles of cold sweat beer to the table, look at them, and say, Harry, 'Come here.' The two went there. Then they sat on a chair and took the sweating beer and wet the dry tongue like that cold water was flooding the desert. The cold sweat beer to the sun was excellent, and they pulled more every drag.
'Peel the chicken and cut them big pieces, dear?' To give Boomani a voice, Harry got up.
'You sit, brother, I will cut chicken and help her' As Ramu got up and walked towards the kitchen.
'Okay, so are we also coming.' Harry and Suman walked towards the kitchen behind him.
'How are all the wedding affairs?' Ramu looked at Suman and asked.

'Is it great work that can be done easily in India with money? All that work is going well. It took me forty years to dissolve my younger sister and my older sister who had left the movement.' Told Suman.
‘Your father is smarter. He lined up his offspring. Look, we have no one to desire. Suman, we need luck with that. That's right; you are going to marry the same village girl? ' Harry asked.
'Hmmm, pity. My girlfriend has had lots of suffering. That I told them I don’t need any dowry from them. But they told people will think that there is something wrong with me and therefore I don’t ask dowry. How is this brother? Where society is a diseased society, brother. There is a thousand illness in it. To remedy for one, the other stood up and dancing wildly.' Said Suman.
'That is real, Suman. Is it like looking at that photo and saying yes?' Said Ramu?
'What is the question, Ramu? We are still Tamils. Will change come very slowly? ' Said Suman.

'No, Suman. We are a non-changeable community. We think that we have only precious culture and we behave very decently. Do not adopt the good habits others have. We care about whatever is not good for others. We use our time to think of our work as cleaning but did not understand others' culture and knowledge.' Said Ramu.
'Okay, Ramu, what are you going to say now?' Instead of answering Suman, Ramu washed his hands, took the chicken, and peeled it. Harry turned on the radio in a low voice.
'Without knowing the face, Just see a photo of her how is suitable for long life and how can agree to get married?' Said Ramu.

'Because you can live together first and then get married? The right to taste and buy can sometimes be in the food. It cannot be in our culture's marital relationship, which does not occur between a man and a woman? This marriage is a family marriage. It would help if you cared about lots. If you get married here, that not be a great work.' told Suman.
'We are not the only ones doing the arranged wedding now. Many are doing it now, and Two family-related relationships. The error will be less than that. Like this is how your sister and I got married. The problem? One or two will not be a success. Is it the same even if it is a romantic marriage? It is good that living together is getting married. Who's coming for it, Ramu? If anyone comes, I'm thinking of another marriage. ' Harry said with a smile.
'You are beaten by sister. You're right, brother. Some buy women. We sell, man. I do not know when all this will change. ' Sa Ramu.

'Ramu! It looks like the running water that erasing stone for a long time. The change will come only at that speed. Where in a hurry all these changes will not come suddenly.' Said, Harry.
'Shouldn't we be idle for that too?' Said Ramu.
'That's true too.' Said Suman.
'Ramu! You are always in the front line, brother. How many problems would have dared to go forward to make peace? Your mind will erupt for every small matter. Maybe that's what a sign is for a living human being? I do like its brother. A good human cares what happens around himself. If there is an error in it, you have to knock on anyone.' Said, Harry.
'Where the community has already done this, there would not have been a crowd without a loincloth. Everyone kept mouths shut, and we put fire on us to cremate ourselves.' Said Ramu.

'You can still say like that, Ramu. Those who have arms will put on fire as soon as possible People in Sri Lanka open their mouths. If people don't, they will put fire bulk in the end. Selfishness to the flag-bearing people from abroad and is ignorance for some. What can do those who do the business name of our struggle rather than fight for that? Every page has bugs and reviews. If it is in order, something will come out of it. That's right, Suman, did you say a lot of suffering? What happened?' Said, Harry. 'Those who were dispersed from Jaffna and were in the Vanni want to tell what happened there? Everyone knows that now. First, they will catch and shave head to women. Where can they go in Sri Lanka after getting baldness? That is their identity. This story is like a prisoner number for Jews. Then they came to Vavuniya by paying someone. From there, she was imprisoned for eight months in Badulla with a Muslim family's support. It was only later that they came to Colombo with their hair stretched and long hair. Then they came to Chennai with an India visa. Not only is the child being dragged into injustice, but how concerned are they that it should not escape anywhere and survive? Take the Benz car's children and leave it in the Tamil school. Do not feel clever as they had. The parents' pain never understood by those who hold the flag for leisure and in a selfish way, either?' Sayed Suman.

'Is not this evil that happens from house to house? They did everything when they rule Jaffna. Then the Vanni people were tortured by them. The last Vanni people lost their piece of loincloth too. They sell their body to feed themself who have had their land and feed many people. They talk politics for time pass forgot that people who lost their loincloth and took how much they can take from them and changed address went away. Some of the grassy people here tack the old Vadukkottai resolution and making Provisional Transitional Government of Tamil Eelam. We still don't know who they will deceive. ' Said Harry.

'How much money will the proxies take over? They don't give any pence to those people now and put everything in their pocket, without guilt, with pride go around themself? Who is going to ask all this? ' Said Ramu. 'Leave it, Ramu, Patinathar said 'One's deed will burn him, pan cake on the roof with evil intention will burn the house.' But it was right up their time, and This time is the age of sinners. Nothing works. ' Said Suman.

'Cutting of chicken is finished. Ramu and Suman sat in the chair as if they wanted to know the cooking secrets of Boomani. Boomani put samba rice to cook and prepare to make chicken curry. Then she thought of something.
'Dear, I'm worried about not have a brother like l Ramu or Suman.' She Said.
'Is that the right time for now?' Harry got up, took three more sweat beers, and put them on the table. Ramu and Suman laughed at the thought of Harry's mockery.
'Hello! are you laughing at this guy's prank too? The person does not even know how to tell jokes. If someone tells good jokes, that will make made to laughs. Is it still there? ' Boomani reassured herself.
'Your father is gone. Do you want now, brother? It cannot even artificially create. The born will not be your brother. '
'Oops, he told a big joke. Let everyone smile together. ' Boomani said something in disbelief.
The news went on the radio. It said that someone had found a foreigner's body and that he may have murdered. Ramu's hand slipped his bottle of sweat beer that fell ambrosia spilled on the table. They were haste and caught in a golden liquid spill.
'This alone is not lacking in any country.'
Suman quickly straightened the sweat beer bottle and did not waste sweat beer much. Harry brought the paper and wiped the table. Then Suman took his sweat beer and went out, and the others took their sweat beer behind him and went.

Those who went like that enjoyed the sun's presence from the outer table. Then Harry's cell phone rang. Harry's face turned pale as he picked up the phone and spoke. When the talk is over, put the phone in the pocket and look at the upright.

'What's the news, Harry brother?' Said Suman.
'Someone killed Sivakaran. He has a cottage there. His wife called from Malaysia after she lost contact with him. Then it will be known where someone went looking for him. ' Said Harry.
'He cheated everyone who trusted him. Does anyone have judgments on that? Will people who cheated by him because of their trust will not forget that? It's as if he left alone and stayed in the cottage give them an opportunity.' Said Suman as he looked straight ahead.

'No need to kill him. Is murder going to solve any problem? Does anyone have the rage to kill him? Some people are almost overwhelmed by the work he did and got crazy by that. Here in Norway, will not punish mentally unstable people.' Said Ramu.
'Um, that's true too. Where our country violence still shows up here is not so good. Where our Tamil men beat each other in Grønland for some time, we hoped it was over, but suddenly they are starting a new round.'

'OK, brother. Worried about one of the great martyrs? Something else we can talk about it.' Said Ramu.
'That's right too. These people robbed all Tamil communities. They bought and sent the weapon to Ellam for that money. Thousands upon thousands of innocent people would have perished. We are now experiencing the aftermath. Who eats salt must drink water too? What kind of sympathy do you have for all that? Let Pattinathar words become true in someplace.' Said Suman.
'Not like that Suman, Whoever does it is wrong. Our Tamil race came to a situation where no one talked of such a mistake. The very existence of our race has become very weak. It is wrong if anyone in this country continues to make that mistake.' Said, Harry.
'What you say is fair.' Said Suman.
'Hello dear, someone killed a Tamil person tell in radio news.' Boomani came out of the kitchen and shouted.
'Oh, we know that. Someone killed Sivakaran.' Shouted Harry,
'What?' Boomani shuddered.

8 Trail of strength

Some time ago in Vardø.

On that day, Harry tried hard to catch uncontrolled Thiru not going to fight like a rutting elephant. Harry did not understand what to do for fear that what should not happen would happen. Seeing this, Malati told some people on the phone. After a while, they arrived in a car. As soon as he saw them coming, Kugan growled aggressively and walked out. Seeing Seelan Harry among those who came,
'Will you step on it, brother?' He Said.
'Beating him is no big deal. The big thing is where to save and keep this radio.
Beating him does not help it. We need to think constructively about this.' Said, Harry. Thiru is tired of hearing this.
'What an idiot I become in a little while.' Said Thiru.
'Let them do it like this, Thiru. This fight is just the beginning. A lot will happen. They want to capture everything they can capture with power as they have people in national blindness. That is very sure. The wise thing to do is put it off for as long as it takes.' Said, Harry.
'Harry brother understands. Don't we have to beg for our rights?' Said Thiru.
Harry did not speak. He remembered the mother's proverb that the child cultivation would not come to the farm house.

Five days have passed since the incident. Forget it; Malathi was involved in scheduling the day's radio programs. Thiru and Harry talked with each other. Outside, the snow descended from the sky like floating diamond particles. It fell to the ground and shone. The wind that blew with the snow came and waved not to come out, and the body's response to whether cold penetrates through every hole in the body. The body spontaneously sought protection from it. The skin's pores shrank. The hair stood on vertically. The body took a defensive tactic of incubating body heat and humans' knowledge to cover the remaining holes with artificial clothing and the resulting creations.

The city of Vardø floated motionless on the island of Barents Sea like a twin leaf thrown into the great sea. Some kilometer traveling can reach the maritime border of Russia by sea. There is a military base on the island set up to spy for the United States. In it, the gigantic satellites hide on a small cliff. A proud narcissist told the United States what they heard from the Soviet backyards during the Cold War. The Soviets overthrew Hitler from north of Norway, which has stuck with the United States and NATO, like to the eye of the timid every thing obscure is a demon. The hypocrisy that was inside Stalin's rugged mustache now lighted. It makes history that there is justice in their fears. The question arises as to whether today's Russia is a threat to world peace.

A majestic church is standing upright in the middle of the city of Vardø. The sacrificial look of telling the world that if we slap one cheek, they will give the other cheek. The vast blue sea surrounds the island.
After the fish was brought on board from the Barents Sea and processed, they sailed in four directions worldwide and received money from the opposite direction towards Vardø.

There is something wrong with Harry today. The strength of the wind increased exponentially as the radio work progressed, and violent sound as thousand jets engine echoed as if its inclusion was warning everywhere in Vardø. The deadly winds of the island are ever-present. It's something they used to. Yet today, it frightened Harry with something alien. That wandered without peace of mind for no reason. Thiru observed this.
'What Harry brother introvert?' Said Thiru.
'Something outside is not weathered right. Something inside is not feeling well. Sometimes, without knowing the cause, such disturbances can overwhelm the mind. I want tack wife here. That process takes a long time. Asking for a family immigration visa from UDI is dragging on the processing period as we ask all of their countries. It gives pain in mind.' Said, Harry.
'What can you do about it now, brother? As cold as it reminds you of everything?' Said Thiru. Even though he understands his mockery, he acts like he doesn't understand,
'True. Maybe this is an unnecessary concern at this time. You see, this is how Thiru. Worries come in irrelevantly and stand like a black troll. Without knowing the reason, it squeezed the breath. Anyway, the visa is also a concern. I don't know if it will be okay to go outside and take some fresh cold air.'

'Oh, is it too cold, brother? You're crazy like Norwegians too.' He clasped his hands tightly and crossed his body.
'Why a veil after soaking completely? What's the point of thinking about the cold after coming to Vardø? You just have to enjoy the cold.'
'I'm not coming for this poison test, brother.' Said Thiru.
'All right, you stay. I'm going to down a while and come back.'
Harry said and got down and went outside. Malathi looked at Thiru and smiled.

The radio station was on the third floor. You have to come down the stairs. The absence of a lift did not appear to be a significant drawback for anyone. Harry went down the stairs, thinking it was too lazy to ask the ride to the three-story building.
As he approached the first floor, he heard two cars coming and making a noise as if they were standing in the doorway.

'Who will it be?' Harry hurried down the stairs, thinking he would find out if he went downstairs.

Harry got dizzy. He did not expect this. The shame of running back locked his legs motionless. For a few moments, he stood motionless like a frozen statue, unable to even think of how to resist those who came crashing down with rods. Kugan led them. They approached him before Harry could recover from the shock.

'The first one has to be grounded. Harry is the one who confuses everyone here.' Kugan hit Harry on the head with the stick in his hand. Harry understood the situation and bowed his head to turn his shoulder as it slipped and slammed on the door. It seemed to Harry that escaping Rajiv Gandhi from the Sri Lankan army was being used here again. Harry did not understand which army this was. He hurriedly lifted the chair he had for the door and grabbed it first over his head. All but Kugan pushed him away and went upstairs. Kugan does not have much courage. Harry raised his chair and ran towards Kugan. He followed those who went above in fear. Thinking 'Thigh trembling,' Harry threw the chair and ran towards his car. Harry, drive the car and cross the school campus, and at the same time, the police came with light and sound. Someone Should know about this attack. They had already informed the officer of the idea beforehand.

Harry took his car to the back and gave the police a place to go inside. They hurriedly parked their vehicle behind the thugs' vehicles at the radio station entrance. Harry noticed that some people ran away from the school premises and would not even pick up the car when they heard the police noise. Only those who went to the gallery will now catch. In any event, others escaped with their fear. None of this seemed new to Harry.

Harry parked his car back in the driveway and went upstairs. Police arrested three people lying on the ground with plastic handcuffs, and blood flowed from Thiru's skull. Malati grabbed the bundle by the hand and throbbed with pain like a worm in a hot plate. The glass room becomes naked for sound and has lost its life.

Harry did not understand the significance of this for a moment. ‘Who destroys property in anger against whom? Is it angry? Power? Or the threat of submission? It is a pure threat.
That is the threat of request. Violence against violence controls all movements in Tamil life today. If it breaks, if it believes to breaks, brutality is the answer. Here, too, it has responded spontaneously in its language. They claim you and that your freedom, freedom of speech, to write, financial resources should all be given to them. They have made it clear that if you break it, even on the North Pole, on a lost island, even if you hide there well, you will not be able to escape from their claws. '
Thus, Harry was immersed in thought.

After informing the police to the ambulance, they took the three men to their vehicle with the plastic handcuffs. The assailants went in the guise of martyrs.

Some thought that violence would rob other human beings’ freedom. The remnants of how their lives ended up in Europe are scattered everywhere. They did not even know that they were immortal on the other side of the island. A tunnel from the island can reach the hillside, and there are small hills lined up. Their remains on those hill side are still immortal. Those bunkers, built towards Russian borders, are still a historical witness. It is a medicine for the forgetfulness of wooden skulls. Harry sometimes has to go and see them. It would seem that they still denounce that injustice will not last. No history lesson understand by our society alone. They blindly dream forever. Harry was disturbed by this thought.

Ganesh, Racky, and Suman got in a car and got out after hearing what had happened here. The police refused to allow the onlookers to enter the glass room. They stood on the steps and nodded. Seeing this, Harry went outside.

Then he gathered them together and went upstairs. He knew that soon an ambulance would come and pick up Thiru and Malathi. It is a pity for him to see them. It looked like someone would fight somewhere to see Ganesh go and stand. When he saw Harry, he was uncontrollable,

'How is brother! they search and come beaten you. Did you don't have a knife in the kitchen cabinets? Why don't you use that? We must teach them properly. Otherways, this game would not stop easily. What kind of Incapable person are we all if the idiots do this? They will no longer subdue only where the character not fully shows.
What's more, who's coming from France with a weapon to Intimidate us? How far is the Russian border from us? How far are the Murmansk? Is it a big deal to buy some and prepare for anything? We have to do that, brother. Otherways that like let them grind the chili on our heads.'
'There is no such thing, Ganesh. Unexpectedly they blocked me near the door. I had a chair that some had put for the door for good measure. Let it go for a while. They were very busy with their radio program preparation. Malathi is a soft woman. Look at how they beat a woman regardless. I do not understand what these beastly beasts are? We can buy weapons too. We can do worse than them. What difference does it make to them and us? ' Said Harry.
'Our leader also spoke like that to perish, brother. They do not understand that language we speak.' Said Ganesh.
'Let us understand whether they understand or not. That is what we are. It does not mean that we will not go the wrong way if they want to. ' Said Harry.
'Even after the death, police only will take up the case if there is good evidence. Even if the issue takes up if the guilt proves after a thousand arguments, will give the minimum sentence. Then live the luxury life of a hotel model prison. Pay for their work in it and send them out. We may be afraid to go to a jail-like this. This Yama will not fear that. It would be foolish for us not to seek protection for ourselves. Norwegian police do not know how to read cruel mobsters' minds. ' Said Ganesh.

'These well-functioning people also have holes in the state machinery. It may take another thousand years to create such an organization in our country. It is not fair that we should take the law into our own hands for that. ' Said Harry.
'Did someone come from abroad and shoot us like a dog and tell us to watch it? I think we must be ready for anything, which is a good thing for us.' Said Racky.
'In Oslo, there may be some justification for such fears. It is not common to come here two thousand kilometers away and get shot. Racky is unnecessarily afraid of this.' Said, Harry.
'Oh, let something like that happen first. After that, we can also think about the next step. Before the goat is slaughtering something that can't cut out, How can we do such work? ' Suman spoke calmly for the first time.
'Oh, should not leave them to what they want to do. We must not also lose patience for that.' Said Ganesh with a sigh.
'So, we must keep silence now?' Said Racky with defeat.
'Not like that. We do not go so far as to seek weapons. We came here just to avoid that kind of destruction and damage. Then why we would think of running after everything that touched the path. We will see what they are doing? Then think about what we can do about it. ' Said Harry.
The ambulance arrived when they talk. After loading Thiru and Malathi, it departed quickly. After a while, the police closed the radio station, put up a barrier, and left;
Nevertheless, Tamil people's cars and some native cars continued to watch that event.

9 Balan

As the summer about to die, cold re-enslaved Norway, in the monsoon's conspiracy and the sun working on it, cool wide-legged inlaid with the gift of darkness, fast forward day by day and occupied Norway. The southward movement of the sun extended into the north's dark period. Dedicating the golden leaves to the earth, sprinkling many colors on her, realizing that the day of her color-destroying day was coming, she raised her hands towards the universe, the nostalgia of the naked trees sacrificing. And the nostalgic sacrifice of accepting this order in the coming summer dream. The flock of birds that admired belonging in the summer is not here today. They headed in the direction of the sun as if they had to survive the fruitless period. That is its essence.

Man, and man's pets longing that could not fly, drew the lines they had drawn as prisoners they could not cross on their own, pulling themselves into untouched like Lakshmanan lines, and into it, cold-trembling souls and limbs, preparing for the unrelenting aggression of each year.

At six o'clock now, the rule of darkness will permeate everywhere. The closer you get to December, the darker it gets. Balan walked away with the memory of breaking that darkness and losing weight. The doctor said the blood pressure had risen. He thought the thinking must have raised blood pressure. That, too, must have increased even more after Sivakaran's assassination. The favorite fear of many who collect money for the movement did not leave Balan either. Balan went to the doctor last week. He measured blood pressure first. The doctor must have had the blood pressure higher than the boy who had high blood pressure when measured it.
He just ran like that and looked at Balan and told the medicine immediately to reduce blood pressure. He also wrote to do physical exercises. Exercise writing is also a new remedy. Exercise is a waste of time for Balan. Now he is inevitably bored with having to do it himself. Caught in the grip of the desire to survive, Balan started walking frantically today.

Walking through the forest, he first thought. He did not like to go there after dark. He fears that a four-legged animal or a two-legged animal attacks him; he will die before getting help.

In walking to survival, he could not accept ending his life. He changed his mind and started walking into the city. When he entered the town of Oppsal, he was embarrassed by the thought that the high-rise houses would call him and hand waving, but the Tamils who lived in it would look at him like a cat looked at a rotten fish. Since it is evening, the Opsal Senar is locked. Both Narvesen and Mix are small shops open with the pizza shop. Balan's mind wandered back and forth without asking him. 'Did we do well? We did it for the country.

Our work is not understood by the lazy who are idle. Some money is gone. Anger of not building a cottage in the Vanni in the future, what if they see us as a rotten fish? Now everyone is going to Sri Lanka with family? Even the flag bearers standing in front of us go there and return safely. They proudly show off their photos after arriving. They put it on Facebook and demonstrate it. What did they ask them there? Is the stupidity of throwing it in the river and looking in the pool theirs or ours? What am I, Shiva? to make available to them as Sundarar got?

Hmmm, have they changed just now? One if not the other. Temple if the movement goes. If the freedom movement goes, there is a temple; if the temples go, there will be a Sage; if the Sage goes, a person or Kodambakkam rubbish, clown dance. The widows or handicap of the Vanni are sinners who cannot reach the senses of these. What about the money left over from eating only rice? Need to use somewhere? Except the Vanni people living in poverty need some way to use that money while at home without work.' Thoughts boiled the warmth born of his body's movement many more times. His gait changed accordingly. Suddenly he is startled by the feeling that someone is following him. He looked back, unable to control himself. He gets nervous. The thought arose that someone would kill him. It seemed good if it runs away somewhere immediately.

Then he relaxed. He thought it must be a delusion of mind. Putting that thought aside, he proceeded further with courage. He penetrated the city of Oppsal. Along the way, a yellow-painted height skyscraper overtook him. The occupants' thought of height skyscrapers arose spontaneously in his brain without asking him.

So the hatred in mind was extracted as acid. ' There were three Tamil families on that height skyscraper. Jegapalan does not understand anything in it. Why did the struggle start in the country? Who are the initiators? Then who did they pick up? What are we going to get out of this struggle?

He has no interest in this. Or he will not understand it to the brain. Campaign films will come from the so-called Tamil Eelam. The movies mad significantly to trigger emotions. They will look at those movies. Will stagger emotionally. The more emotionally charged they are, the more collections they will get. There is a lot of blood flowing in it. Lives go uncounted. The corpses pile up. Only then will the money accumulate again. Roll the bills without asking. Money collectors no need to give them unnecessary explanations to get money. Only understood that the leader of LTTE is their village. He had the generosity to spend money painlessly for the sake of being in the same town. What if anyone knows how about us? We collected money for LTTE. Then the thought of wanting our kindness, the faith of the same village, Soak milk in honey when you see them and talking way, um, now? Views that see enemies,

That they don't need your kindness anymore, um, they slipped in the Vanni. At last, the all raised its hand in Nanthikkadal. The enemy of the Sinhala race, the Tamils who refused to surrender, especially those suspected to be LTTE or LTTE supporters, then what? Illegal executions. The innocents caught in it are also tigers, Shameless torture of humanity.' Balan hates to think about it. The speed of his gait increased further,

After passing the Oppsal center, some native youths came to their homes exhausted after helping the Red Cross. It was a pity for Balan to see them. His memories began to swirl about how they had collected money. ‘A kroner can fall if you lift the collection box. Ten kroner may fall. Miraculously a hundred kroner bill can fall.
They would be tired of wandering into every house. It is delightful to keep the address and phone number and collect many thousands of kroner with authority. The struggle may continue for some time to come. We would have been prosperous too. If the result that came now had changed, if the leader had been alive at some good end, there would have been perpetual wealth throughout life.

The struggle is a golden egg-laying duck, a vessel that given to the Pandava by the sun never goes empty, a time full of money without diminishing; how can this coward understand our longings? Don't communicate with anyone unnecessarily anymore. We must enjoy what we have way very carefully.' Balan walked fast, thinking that.

Balan came into the area where there are now separate houses in Oppsal. As he approached Sivaraman's house, Balan's thoughts started moving towards him. 'Even if Sivaraman owns a shop, Sivaraman will turn over lots of the money from it. Whoever gives a kroner of that money will die, however. Whatever his brain does will think with deep criminal intent. Only he knows how to steal and not get caught. When he first collected the money, he promised to give only a hundred kroner. We had laughter and disgust. He continued to argue that no matter how much the talk unfolded. A phone call came from somewhere.
Then he will be relieved money by the pain of death. You have to see the pain he feels when he is so relieved. The last fund reluctantly gave a large sum. If the problem is over and independence comes,
his dream is to open a Jaffna town shop. He predicts that this will be an advance. One day, a Sinhalese man with a mustache put fire on that. We are the only ones left now. What can I do if these people see us as a movement? We cannot convince them that we are just brokers. It is wise to withdraw silence with respect.'

Balan realized that he had come a long way after leaving home. Something continued to feel as if someone was coming from behind. He looked back. No one came from behind. Will there be a ghost of the dead in Vanni? What a silly memory, he thought for a moment and scolded.

In the short distance, Nithiyan House was visible. He lived in a series of houses. Balan's memories of him began to unfold in his brain like a film reel. 'He also came here from northern Norway. There were also reports of refusal to pay LTTE from northern Norway. The important ones went there to talk and came back with a failed story.
After coming to Oslo, I thought he would melt; I have seen it go a few times and dissolve him. Even iron can dissolve. He never melted. Not only insoluble but always boldly questioned against movement. The questions that come from him are very embarrassing. Even if it is slightly slippery, it will keep beating back.

After realizing that he will not dissolve, we stop going to him. After that, he observed the twist along with the opposite group. So avoided him as one of the traitors.

Today he can laugh to himself. He can float in the ridicule of having cowards like those who gave money. The final results went like that. No one can change it anymore.' As soon as Balan entered near Nithyan's house, the door of Nithiyan's house suddenly opened. Unexpectedly, Balan is startled. The inside of his chest dried up in shock. Suddenly the palm was sweating. Nithiyan came out with the trash bag. Balan wanted to run from there right away. By then, Nithiyan had found Balan. However, Balan quickly accelerated his walk, thinking that he would have to cross the Nithiyanl House. Nithiyan is not going to let him.
'Hey, Are you Balan? Isn't?' Said.
'M' Balan growled as he did not like this.
'Where are you going with this? Are you hiding and go here?'
'Why should I hide? I'm walking.'
'Oh, You are the first person to walk this street. It's unusual. But it's normal for you, right? Do not let the mustache stick to the soil even if you fall? Is there any other explanation for hiding?' Said Nithiyan.
'Why should I hide? I can't go to the forest after dark and walk like this.'
'That's right, how many hundred thousand have you had to manage robbed in recent times? Aren't you are millionaires?' He dragged the Balan to the fuss.
'Brother, don't talk with me unnecessarily nonsense. I do not have time to answer all this nonsense without a resent. You will not be giving a coroner to LTTE. You are a native who does not chase the crow with the saliva hand. Then what the fuck are you asking for justice? We're collected cash LTTE. You do not know what will happen if it does not survive. I do not even need to tell you that. Only we know the honesty and the restraint in it.'
'The heads power in Vanni but the tails power in the west. What is the face need to ask of justice? You cheated innocent people and got that money.

There is no answer to what they are asking now; only anger is coming. Do you know people who have mental problems because of your scams?

Are you angry Ahaaa, really, are you mad? Are you a beast without a conscience? When Sinhalese hunted, they did not have to sell their bodies to live. They do it now to live. Foreign pronouns like yours are the main reason they sell the body there. Do you get angry when I say that? '
Balan was no longer standing there. He ran and walked away from the place, and Nithiyan's gaze continued to pierce his back. The urge to kill him arose in his mind.

*

Boomani does not brush their teeth with chemical toothpaste. It is not available on Rema1000. Harry, who thought he should go to the Opposal center first to buy it, though that sometimes you can not buy in the Opposal center? Therefore he decided to go to Tveita. Before that, Harry told Boomani about it by phone. Then he drove the car slowly.

*

Balan began to walk along the main road, disgusted with the small way we were going. The darkness further expanded into a great asura and narrowed the view's length. The man wandered off. He followed Balan unknowingly from home. People everywhere spoiled his target. Irritated, he followed the Balan incessantly.

*

From the main road came the path to the forest. A short distance from it is the lamp's flaming area, and the lights in the area are still bright today. Balan overcame his fear and walked down the path.

The man who came from behind came running and got down the path. He hastily put on a full hat and gloves to cover his face and hand. He walked behind Balan more quickly as he opened the bag's zipper with the sharp weapon in it and gripped it.

Balan had a feeling like someone was following him again. 'In fake trust, have you gotten down this path?'

The trepidation and fear made him tremble. The legs twisted in fear.

He longed to see if anyone was following him. Unable to suppress longing, he turned. Someone ran towards him very fast, and he was wearing a facemask hat. He looks like a wrestler. Raised his hands with a weapon before figuring out why he was doing it. Suddenly a decisive blow fell on his head. Balan's world melted underfoot. It was as if the earth opened its mouth and swallowed him. He fell to the ground. The man sounded like he was laughing.

The man frantically watched the Balan fall to the ground. He lifted the weapon and prepared to smash Balan's skull. He saw unexpectedly that the two men came running with a flashlight in the distance. The man stopped trying to hit, lifted his bag, and ran towards the forest. He was hiding there with a murderous rage. The urge to kill Balan somehow still lingered in him. He watched what was happening from hiding.

They ran, unaware of the Balan laying down on the path. They were shocked to see a man suddenly lying down on the road. Those who had been stunned by the shock for a while then checked to see if he was breathing. There was breathing. There was blood on the head. One of them picked up the mobile phone one one three and told them what they found. The man, who had been obscuring what had been going on so far, saw them talking on the mobile phone and walked in the opposite direction, concluding that there was nothing more he could do. He walked towards Balan's house.

*

An ambulance passed Harry as he was leaving for Tveita. It means rush with noise and light. He pulled over and gave away to them. After that, the police started shouting. He came in the direction they were going, curious to know what would happen. He saw an ambulance and police standing on the way to the forest. He parked the vehicle and went there to see what was going on. Before Harry, they arrived and hurriedly picked up a man and loaded him into an ambulance. The only thing Harry knew was that the man was black. Harry disappointedly, 'It will come to market if it is well produced' He did not stop there and went home.

10 Rumbling

Some time ago in Vardø.

Ganesh came to Harry's house in the afternoon, noticing the wind's intensity that blew the snow into like gunfire. He suffered from labor pains that meant he had to say something. Harry guessed it as soon as he saw him. Stop researching whether it is surgical treatment or a safe delivery; Harry acted with a plan to give plane tea to the man who struggled with the cold.
Ganesh, who had been got tea from Harry after some time,
'Do you know a thing?' He asked, unable to bear it.
'I understand something you came to say. I can't guess what that is. Tell me; I will listen to you.' Said, Harry.

'The old studio where the radio has been running for so long is now locked. Instead, they operate the radio in a temporary studio near the old one. I found out that they also have an office inside it. Mahesan came from there during the day. Do you know about him? There must be something he said wrong about us. The radio hosts may soon want a meeting with us to discuss it. You have to be ready for it. You have to learn from Mahesan how the tongue can trick you into everything. '
'M true. Come to Vardø as innocent. Then they shout like asura. Hidden for a while at first, they then showed their true quality. That, too, made Mahesan even worse. Like you said, 'He will tell like I saw the beating fish in the curry,' And he will clap his hands and swears. If you go to the meeting, you will find out what he told about us in that house.' Said Harry with thinking about that.
‘Putting the meeting though, they will call Thiru. If you go with him, you can tell more about our side of the story.' Said Ganesh.

'Now, if the meeting takes place, you will be asked about the fight that took place there. There is something like that when you think about it. Can't you be united? It's a shame to think of a vision that is going to look like.'
'Did we go to fight ourselves, brother? What did we do when they came? Can you humiliate yourself over and over again?' Asked Ganesh.
'Hmm, Am I sage? As long as you are human, you expect honesty from another human.

How much better would it have been without it? Who came to the fight? They do not understand that. Why are you fighting even you all Tamil? they will think like this.'

'Norwegian also fought within them when Hitler captures this country. Why did fought even both sides are Norwegian? If you found injustice, will the fight overflow? Explain to them where this is our anti-struggle. The flood has come over our head; what is inches or feet deep? Where are our side judgments, where are our side problems? Everything has to be said openly.' Said Ganesh.

'Um, what you say is fair. We come here to live peacefully but everywhere is problem arose. Even we do not want any trouble and try to be peaceful, the tails of LTTE do not let us but search for it. In the courage of that, they have a majority in their hands, Who knows how to tell a little rogue story, They think that everyone should wander after them, with the thought that they are that great martyr. How can we live with them? Why are they bothering us even after we came to the country to save our life from unnecessary fighting?

'Oops, brother! If you think like this yourself, think of the situation of others? You will not be discouraged and stand front. Keep an eye out for what they are struggling to do. These are all just tails. That's all, brother.' Ganesh said hopefully.

'The arrogance that they can show their hand in Eelam even if they can do nothing here. It gives them a kind of stiffness. Is killing for everything thing something a habit they accustomed to it? The weapon is in the hands of those who do not know how to use it. That is the face of our struggle today. Some of the people who came here to escape to LTTE's firing are now catching their tail. Who can you trust? It is our people's intellect to do anything for their good. Changing it is not something that happens. Giving the head will also bring shame. I have not crossed it yet.' Said, Harry.

‘That too is true. We are the ones who should be humiliated for the next day by relying on impulses. Is that why they are now unfairly grounding everything without any resistance? Roll up all the money in that vita and send it to the injustice there. It is unknown what it will do after arriving as a weapon in Eelam.

The sin committed by the sinner will come to us if we do not stop it.' Said Ganesh.

'The last thing you said is completely true. Every cent that goes from here to there goes as a gunshot and sews someone's head. This fact what everyone knows is happening. The whole race perishes rather than the enemy perishes; we should not cooperate with that. Easily should not be left out of the game here. How to prevent it? M,? ' Said Harry.

'That's my intention, brother. They should not be allowed to do what they want until we are here. The question is whether they do a lot more work than this. Work is underway to bring Tamil people into the city council. They will give you anything if you go to Norwegian. They do not need to save money like us. They do not know the culture of saving without eating themselves. If the Tamil representative comes there, he will not give us the money we need. They will try to figure out how to smuggle it in.'

'Um, the municipality is saving our money that is already coming in without spending. That's huge savings. Did Tamils also come there in the municipality? See how much work is going on while we're in here? ' Said Harry.

'That's it, brother. You see, the money to spend here, where will that go? Whatever the name changes to it, they will tricks around everything, which will happen soon. How Many associations will be born? These are perfect foxes. It is a miracle if they don't cheat us. But I know this money will drink many innocent lives in Sri Lanka? Where they live, that sin let them not be peace, brother. Yes, they will lie in the morgue without having a person give them the fire. If you do it in the morning, will it not stop harvesting in the afternoon?' Said Ganesh angrily.

'Why are you just cursing like an old woman from the village? We must think so that the enemy also does not suffer. That is the beauty of man with humanity. We don't start anything with dwarf intent. We should not think so as dwarfs. But we do not think that they will suddenly come and claim the right. There is something wrong with it. In the end, I do not know where the soil has fallen it.' Said, Harry.

'Don't think we've failed or deceived, brother. That should not be allowed to happen. Continuously flip the oil into the eyes.

Don't be afraid to fight anymore.

If we dare to go down for a day, then the boys will be come down. These tails are not annoying us. That is the irritation of people who are living Eelam. How many women have become widows? It must have an end. ' Said Ganesh.

‘Well, let it go. But even after coming here, fighting like wrestling, Cuts each other with hysteria, after that wander to the court, it is not my intention to be like a slave in prison. That makes no sense. We are not animals that can not talk enough to avoid these. We should use the world's oldest language we speak to tell and solve such problems. We have to use it properly.' Said, Harry.
'You're right, bro. Those who know how to talk about it will talk about it. They will solve the problem easily.' Said Ganesh.

'Oh, you will not leave it alone. It's true, brother. It takes wisdom, patience, calm, forgiveness, and endurance to sit around the table and talk about problems. Experienced politicians do not understand it. How can that broad-mindedness come to do not went to school, And who have completed less than half their schooling, and who think selfishly? Shall we tell?'

'That's it, brother; he should only speak in a language he knows.' Said Ganesh. Harry had no answer for that. He calmed down at the thought of something.

After talking for a while, Ganesh said goodbye and went home. The wind blew hard outside. ‘What happens in Vardø is an event like the gentle breeze that blows a small leaf from a giant tree. That heroism will one day cause a storm to fall the whole tree.

There is no need to blow even a storm. The tree may fall automatically. Blind Tamil nationality people portray it as a struggle to climb to the top of the tree and cut down the tree. That people are rising in a rage. The time may come to look for historical signs that may have lived the Tamil race in Sri Lanka after their struggle. We can not blame anyone for that. We can then thank ourselves generously. Or you can cover it well with the mud.' Harry's thinking went like this. Harry is currently frustrated to look outside. He went and lay down in disgust.

11. Birthday

In the recent past, the calendar came live in human life, when Western Europeans and their descendants became wealthy, the joy of being born into this world, when the new age began, the Christian custom of lighting a candle, cutting a cake, and celebrating the birthday became an event. That too was created birthday greeting son in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three. It will come into their lives as an unforgettable celebration that came with convenience. Some adopted it in Sri Lanka and India to cover their souls with the dirty shirt they left behind in the Europeans' departure. Some call it happiness, and others say the new civilization. Some do not look at their tradition correctly.

Then the Western Tamil refugees, suffering from a celebratory drought, fully adapted to their new culture in the comfort of their comfort zone. Tamil in so-called Tamil Eelam also victim for the new culture now. In the nineteen-eighties, the Sri Lankan economy did not lend itself to holding such celebrations. It is a daily life of counting money for buying bread and Sambol. In the diaspora, it has turned upside down. Many tempt to show off their economic prowess. The extravaganzas that take place for the match stand out like breathlessly in line here. It goes on to say that the parade of expensive cars, the undercurrent of femininity that has become the women’s jewelry store, is the new culture of dancing with someone else’s wife. Those who do not know that the birthday has come, and just only dreamed for bread and Sambol, celebrating the fiftieth, the eightieth, the ninetieth birth day with arrogance and It is emerging as the new culture of Tamil based on European. They are eager to celebrate birthdays after death too. Are they sages for not showing it when there is a facility to show it? Isn’t this the skull explosion of meager human beings?

Today is also a birthday. Vimalan had arranged his first child's birthday in a hall on Oslo's outskirts. Singing, dancing, and drinking will be the order of the day for more than three hundred guests.
The hall decorates, and the cake to cuts on the stage was awe-inspiring with its decoration. Many get bored with how many times they watch this nonsense. They will have a room outside as the bar. Or can use the kitchen for that as well. Today there is nothing to complain about Vimalan's party arrangement. It brought joy to many.

The kitchen was longer than usual there. It is a place for eating and drinking. Drinkers have no qualms about who cuts the cake and when they catch it and extinguish the candle. They will go to the back room over time and drink the golden liquid. They will come on time and give you money or a package and take a picture with you brushing their teeth. And the job is done. Sometimes you have to stand in line for a long time to give a gift and take a picture. Then they will go crazy. Or argue with others.

Shankar, Ramu, Kugan, and around ten others drank alcoholic drinks from there along with Shanmugan. Harry did not drink alcohol today. Boomani did not come as usual for this birthday celebration either. Harry knows that Ramu and Shankar will drink alcohol. It is his responsibility to deliver them their home in the end. After getting married and returning, Suman did not come to such amusement out of concern for his work. His wife has not yet started working. Instead of coming to such a celebration, he is now interested in lying down and stroking his body and enjoying his pleasure.
'The character of many men will turn upside down if they start drinking alcohol. There is also the one who becomes wise. There is also the sword picker. A silent man will sometimes become a preacher, and the preacher will sometimes become silent. Who is in it and how? Let's see in a while.' Harry thought.
'What are you thinking, Harry Brother?' Said Ramu.
'I feel like handcuffed my hand,' said Harry.
'Then you can also drink; we can go home in a taxi.' Said Ramu.
'Not like that. I'm also thinking about Boomani sister. I know what she will think when she alone.'
'Then you can go home without delaying, brother?'
'Vimalan came home and invited us. I wonder if I need to respect Vimalan too.'
'Between how many kinds of agitation, life must go? Experience in it shows us which way we should go.' Said Ramu.
'Oh, like that, Ramu. Can we interpret it as coming from your mouth as the word of the holy liquid that has gone in? ' Said Harry politely.

'Not like that, brother. That doesn’t mean that ideas change along with addiction. But, it can be a trick of intoxication when it comes out. Normally disappears inside the mind.' Ramu looked up and said.

'Hmm, isn't it sometimes necessary for holy liquid to give birth to philosophies and to find sages and beasts in humans?' Said, Harry.

'Brother, is it a mistake that you said that? Are you kidding us? Or are you cultivating Tamil? ' Said Ramu, lightly sarcastic. Then he lifted the glass mug and took a sip.
'Harry is right throughout. Everything you said then is correct. We trusted them wholeheartedly and lost everything. Even its have covered skin fully, but fruit meat excavated at last. The robber rolled everything up and ran away. Now we're thinking about how to pay next month's installment. A beggar may one day become king. The king may one day become a beggar. Where were we? Now they made us permanent beggars. They become kings and play hide and seek in places of pleasure.' Shankar, who was nearby, said suddenly.
'OK, brother, let go. Let them experience the irritability of your heart for a day. 'Sa Ramu.

'That is the real brother. Two-person have already enjoyed it. The rest should enjoy soon too. That's how victims like me get comfort. The ghostly voices that make noise inside the skull will go away. The lost money will never come back. But hooligans should not live well. Wherever they go, they will perish. ' Said Shankar. Boiling and mania gripped him.

'This is not their fault; it is your error, Shankar. You gave it without question. When did you allow us to blame them? When did you allow a question against them? You said we were a traitor if we asked. If there is a deceiving crowd, there will be deceivers as well. ' Said Harry.

'That's true. You've been told since eighty to us much time. But, we have not understood how you can find that truth. We did not believe in you at all. There is no voice in the brain at that time. The anger that you are all traitors burned in our minds at that time. I understand that you have not helped kill a hundred people by giving a lakh kroner. We sent the bomb launcher, and the killing gun to help them is now clear. Wisdom has come to us only after we have finally crossed the Nanthikadal unmanned to lift it. All our help was gone and ruined our race. Sa Shankar. As he listened to these talks, Kugan came to Shankar's side with a glass. Harry and Ramu did not like it.
The problem he caused on the radio station and its consequences made many people hate him. Harry thought for a few moments about Kugan.

'Kugan is clever in some way. Yet, he is also one of the lunatics who dreams that the leader is still alive. How can such a scrubbed and cleaned brain be changed? What can say of those who still do not understand anything float in the extreme fantasy that another armed struggle is coming? He continued here like that he played at Vardø. That was not enough for him. Many are still frantically dreaming of getting that horse-horn-like Tamil Eelam by violence.

The so-called ideological struggle to gain rights is to be very observant, polite and avoid casualties as much as possible. In that sacrificial journey, they do not understand that the weapon is like a sophisticated surgical knife to gain rights by removing society's enemy.

Nelson Mandela, for our race, has not yet been born. The rights of the Tamils have already tacks away. There are thousands upon thousands of people who believe murder is a struggle. He is one of the savages. The world has changed a lot, but Eelam Tamils thinking alone has not changed.' Vardø's experiences with these thoughts caused Harry's moral embarrassment about Kugan.

'What, Shankar brother? What philosophy have these said since eighty-seven? Do you think they understood what the leader did not understand? The miser who does not even have the mind to chase a crow with their saliva hands say this philosophy. The leader would be alive today if they had paid and helped at that time. Tamil Eelam would also be available to us now. Ahh, They come to talk about the struggle. They have no respect or fear for us now.' Said Kugan. Harry remained silent, realizing that his speech was disgusting, violent, and provocative. He wondered why there was so much fuss at an event that would make Vimalan happy. Ramu also did not speak stayed patiently. He decided it was useless to talk to them. In silence, a state of uncomfortable appeared there. As it breaks, Ramu suddenly gets up and says, 'Come, we can go and take a photo.' He called Shankar and Harry. Realizing that this would be a good fit, Harry went with them. Kugan remained motionless in the same place as he came back after taking a picture showing their teeth widely. He still does not leave Shankar alone.

'Why did you run away without answering the question I asked?' He looked at Shankar with hypocrisy.

The trumpet in his question heated Shankar, and he got into an argument with Kugan. No one could lock his mouth. Norway is not a speech-barrier country. Many Tamils are living in this country who dare to go beyond that. That is contradictory to this country's dignity is a significant fact.'

'European nations are proving that a country can live without significant problems, giving all rights to individual freedom of religion, freedom of speech, and the right to write. Even so, someone can find complain in it. That is human nature. How can they justify a movement that has not given any freedom to the people, as they have enjoyed the liberty these countries give? ' Harry again shared the sadness with self-thinking in silence.

‘Why, what if they talk about this? Do not cut the neck to those who have confidence in you. It's more like you have to take your hand and bow at the thought of a face-to-face talk. They do not deceive others. You often told us then not to fools. Ahh, let's say we haven't heard wherever it does not go to the brain. We are heartbroken after giving up. You have cheated us. Can you say no? Are you talking so much that you can return the money I gave you? Just hoist the flag; you will show you there. Man must live first with justice. Every human will enchants by every monster, and It should not work to tap it. ' Said Shankar.

'Let the monster and Asura pluck the hair. Why should I give you money? Am I robbing anywhere to give cash to you? If you like to ask, you ask who is advocating for you.' Said Kugan.

‘Not telling us to the pluck story. You two know already what happened? OK, let it go. Why will they give me money? Did they ask me money like a beggar without a pause? Did they cheated the people and abused their money? They told me again and again not to give money to you. But people like you asked us continually, 'give us, give us.' You must give us money. Otherwise, you have abused and stolen money from innocent must give us back the money. Yes, you must give all money. Suppose you don't that open your mouth. And curls your tail and stay very carefully. Don't tell us about chase crow by saliva Hand. That all needs a qualification.' Said Shankar.

'What are you talking about, my qualification? We worked a lot too. We worked hard day and night.

Why do we want to curl our tails? Why do we shut up our mouths? Norway is a democratic country. We have the right to talk anywhere and anything.' Said Kugan.

'It is a shame that we have helped those who deny this democracy. Even if we are not crazy about the money given to you, we will be little by little crazy to think of the work you have done to us.' Said Shankar.

'I've been standing here with a madman and talking for so long.' Said Kugan. Anger rushes to hear it in the intoxication of alcohol to the one who already pisses off in anger, hatred, and helplessness.
'Who are the crazy?' Shankar jumped up and went to hit Kugan. For a moment, everyone froze in great amazement. As if everything told, heads of those in the central area heard a noise and turned at once like sunflower flower to kitchen side. What was happening was a question that popped into their eyes. Realizing that the problem would end in a melee, Ramu jumped up in excitement.
'You can talk what you want. Melee should not be here. And don't destroy this party, what Vimalan did to make everyone happy. Then we have to go to the police. Drinking alcohol would be a big problem.' Ramu caught Shankar hard.

'Will he beat me? Let go; I will see that. ' Kugan shouted because Ramu was holding Shankar tight with him. Ramu wanted to let clash Shankar and Kugan for a moment. He realized that the result could be more detrimental to Vimalan. He calmed Shankar. Meanwhile Shankar,
'Look at there, Ramu; you see how he is jumping? Leave me one moment, brother. I will break a jaw bone of him.' Said Shankar.
'Oh, that's not the problem. Think about Vimalan. Tomorrow he will have to answer everything himself.' Said Ramu.
'You are right. People like him need to notice where they are fit for him. Then the momentum game will come to an end. '
'Okay, brother, let go. It's good to eat now and go home.'
'That's right too. I also have something to interrupt in my head. It would be nice to finish the meal and go home.' Said, Shankar

Shankar slowly calmed down. Ramu ran away and brought food for himself and Shankar. Seeing this, Harry went and fetched food for himself. Then everyone left for home with Shankar after finish eating.

Harry is amazed to think about today's event. Those who once opposed him for what he once said are now speechless. Now when talking, they talk in a friendly way. When you look at those talks, some will tell you that they regretted what they blindly believed in the past. In those days, Harry tried upside down. They did not accept it then. They did not listen at all. Instead, they built the name of being a traitor. Time went on, teaching lessons that we're crushing on the self. Now they stand speechless. They come to Harry and talk like confessions. Yet some, like Kugan, continue to imagine something that does not change the brain that has washed well.

'What the hell are you thinking? I have a problem you don't need, right? ' Said Shankar.
'Che Che, not like that, brother. Maybe everything not happens just as we think it is? If everyone was happy, a good result had come despite injustice. Many injustices hid. But where is the lesson that time has taught the race to overcome injustice? This war is the lesson that history has taught us. There has been no change in how our people accept a significant misunderstanding of our path for so long. Our race will have no liberation from anything unless we learn from the past ways. I have confused and worried bout that. ' Said Harry.
'I understand now the depth of your mind. But many people argue that they catch some rabbit with only three legs. No one expected, they will change easily. Look at me; I was like that myself for a long time.'
'Um, Is it possible to believe blindly sometimes? One day the opportunity will realize what incorrectly that you did. Those who do not change are still walking corpses submerged in blind faith.' Said, Harry.
'That's it, Harry. Many people are floating in the dream and hoping that the leader will still jump out of the sky. They call me a traitor without even looking at how much money I would have given them. Who is the traitor? Who is a martyr? See if it makes any sense? He who does not like himself is a traitor to everything. He who does like himself is a martyr to everything? Like going their belief.'
'You have acquired this good wisdom.' Said, Harry.
'It's like the sun salutation you do after you lost vision of the eye. We could have escaped without debt if we had thought a little earlier. It will do something in my head if I think about it. It's like hearing a voice in the skull. ' Said Shankar.
'Let it go. Be brave. Who cares if something happens to you by thinking and thinking again? That will be self-harm to you, Vanitha, and your son; People will say anything. Vilify if you live, Vilify if you fall.' Said, Harry.

'Um, that's true too.' Shankar agreed.

12 store

Some time ago in Vardø,

The sun is showing its head for an hour, and It's have been a long time since he pulled her head back. The city was silent only in the dark and cold as the wind that usually blows in Vardø was diverted somewhere that day. Although this silence is an unnatural act of its own, it has become a reality today. About four o'clock after work, Harry went to the store. Its name is Affa. Even a tiny shop has all the essentials available besides fried chicken, fried pig meat, 'Pytt I Panna' made by fried meatballs, fried potatoes, fried vegetables, and fried eggs mixed tasting hot and instant. When you go into the store, the smell of the food makes the acid in your stomach throw at high speed.

Inside, Thiru also stood unexpectedly. Talking with each other, They two walked away and taking the items they needed. Then they both newcomer suddenly came into the store. At first, it was not clear to Harry who the newcomer was. Then Thiru said he understood who he was. When they saw Harry and Thiru, they came by themselves and introduced themselves.

The introduction always starts beautifully. The qualities become distorted when the flag hoists. Harry thought.

Ganesh finished his work and came there when they were in talks. It was there that first time Harry met Shankar. How is he? Harry had no idea then what his thoughts were. Harry had no intention of doing that. Shankar started not giving it a chance,

'It's nice to see a lot of Tamil people working here. Then they will help boys lots? If they help boys lots, boys will find an end soon. It will be a good lesson for Sinhalese too. If boys send box after box, then Sinhalese will boil. That's when they know where our heroism is.' Said Shankar. Harry, Thiru, Ganesh remained silent. Shankar, who did not understand it, 'So how much do you give to boys each month?' Asked Shankar. His gaze fell on Harry. Harry remained silent. Ganesh can't stand it,

'Does it matter to you how much we give? Or should we just give it to them? Give as you wish. Other ways keep your mouth shut. Why worry unnecessarily about the other people?' Said Ganesh.
'What are you talking about it? Are you also Tamil? ' Said Shankar.
'You must talk correctly about what you are talking about that. Do you think our status and hierarchy will change if we don't pay LTTE? We have a long tradition. Do you know we are the highest hereditary in Tamil people? Have you come to ask me about that? Am I Tamil? ' Ganesh approached Shankar angrily.
'What did I asked wrong? I wondered how much you were giving to the LTTE by excitement. Were there some Tamils without giving to LTTE? If there is another movement,? Then tell that you are another movement? Why are you get aggressive and angry about that? Keep your hereditary psoriasis with you. Will you beat me here? Come and beat me then. ' Said Shankar.

Harry stopped Ganesh.

'He just came here. Everyone has their personal opinion. He will know it in a few months. Then will not be a problem like this.' Said, Harry.
'Brother! He is the one who came here now. He is the one who observes and talks carefully. Do you think we should call him and take a lesson for him? ' Said Ganesh.
'All right, this is not going to happen anymore.' Said, Harry.
'I would have left you without asking if you are any other movement. I asked you because I thought you are ordinary people.' Said Shankar.
'It doesn't matter if we are a different movement or not. Why do you ask about other people's matters? Is there no matter to talk? ' Asked Harry.

'Oh,' Shankar whispered politely and elegance. Harry stared and walked away from him to accompany Thiru, Ganesh along with Harry. Shankar went to pick up the items on the opposite side.
These people have gone a little farther. The one who came with Shankar ran towards them. He breathed with difficulty. Harry thought the Vardø air was low in oxygen.

'Sorry, Shankar's way of talking with you is not correct. We often confront verbally or physically will not give any honesty to Tamil people. They will end with one word that is Tamil people.' He said.

‘Who says no. Some people cannot understand other people. They know only to force their thoughts on other people. Willingly act a good thing. A great mistake thought to impose the same on others. It is unacceptable for anyone to do that or for any reason. We must learn to respect our fellow human beings' rights as we look at the nation we live in now. Am I right?' Said, Harry.

'M, You're right. It is a good idea not to compel anyone to anything.' He said.
'Tell them a little about this, brother.' Said Ganesh.
'Let's say. It remains to sees whether they will listen to this.' He said.
'The dignity of the Tamils you mentioned has gone here ever since. See if there is anything you can do to prevent the remnants from going away.' Said Ganesh.
'Hmm, I will see.'
Thiru does not like to sit motionless in that matter and asked him,
'Where are you living, brother?'.

13 Shankar

Summer lightning shock struck everyone when the car came to Shankar's house in the middle of the talk.

Shankar lived in a separate house. It was a house bought in the nineties when the housing price was meager, his beautiful mansion, hidden in the middle of apple trees with stunning curves. Shankar was the first to complete the home loan by working hard. He then spent most of his money renovating the house. Home is his first madness. Suppose the detached house will require a part-time to maintain. That is something that Shankar never gets bored of it. Even if cold, he will stand outside and work hard in the evening. People will be queuing up to buy if he wants to sell it now.

Sivakaran's eyes were on this house and Shankar's wealth for a long time. He was waiting for the opportunity to come.
Only then did fundraising for the last war come into play. Though it was not so difficult to persuade Sankar, he could not cope with his wife, Vanitha. Sivakaran found it very difficult that she disagreed. In the end, Sivakaran won. The house is once again floating in debt.
Even though the Vanni existed in the shake, it was on the blind rise.

Now parked the police car in front of that beautiful house. One male and one female, two policemen, went down and visited the house. Then Harry could see Vanitha talking to them about something. Harry did not understand why the police were at home at this time. I can't figure out what's going on in Oslo right now. The illusion that such a mystery exists within Tamils haunts him.' The cruel dance of the onslaught of demons on public property will last a long time. It is a different story that the Benami, like the rightful owner, has taken possession of the public property.' He thought; The next moment, Shankar parked the car, he hurriedly got down and ran towards the house. Harry and Ram ran after Shankar.

Vanitha saw Shankar running to her. As he approached, she looked at the policeman and said, 'This is my husband.' She introduces in Norwegian. The next moment, one of the miseries suppressing the woman gathered and filled her throat. Some Norwegian women hide their anxiety as iron men. Some women will shed a few colorless pearls and end it. Vanitha, the innocent Tamil girl, opened her mouth and screamed. She shriek. Understood that something controversial had happened to Harry and Ramu. The question of what happened, the imagination of that, like the cat and a mouse ran and played.

The policemen who had been watching Vanitha crying silently for a while then shook hands and introduced themselves to Shankar by saying their names. After that, the male officer named Torvald looked at Sankar,

'We came to patrol this side. Then we received a report that someone had threatened to kill your wife over the phone. You must come to Manglarud police station tomorrow and file a complaint. After that, we will decide about that. You do not have to worry unnecessarily. If there is any problem, you can call us again.' Said police. Only then did Shankar and others understand the meaning of Vanitha's crying. The police left in a hurry without further delay. They always have a thousand jobs and do not come easily to such small affairs.
Harry understood that they only showed their face because they came to this side as some work somewhere today.
Vanitha had stopped crying now and was a little quiet. Shankar started abruptly.

'This Kugan dog would have done this. I must give him a good lesson. Now I will go and find out all the truth by giving some proper hit to him.' Shankar ran to drive his car. Again there was a stir. Astonishment idolized the human movement. Ramu snatched himself up, ran faster, and grabbed Shankar's hand.
'Brother, are you mad? Just now, the uncles came and went. They can go anywhere and hide, waiting to catch someone. They would have known that you were drunk already. Then you are going to buy the unnecessary problem for a price? Are you just going to get caught and snatch the license without any need? ' Said.

'Hey, If they come, I will drive like a snake and escape without a problem.' Said Shankar. Harry laughed as he listened to it. Even he keeps silent.

'Oh, everyone knows you turn and turn and driving very well. There is something more important than that now.' Said, Harry.
'What the hell is that?' Asked Shankar.
'Come first into the home. Let's see what number they called from.' He gave a twist to them.
He guesses that the police have already seen it. However, that was the only reason why he was in distract of Shankar at that time.
'M, that's a good idea too.' Said Shankar.
Then everyone went inside the house and picked up the phone. There is no number in it. It was the call from hiding the number. Seeing this, Ramu said, 'Those who do so many things will think about this too. Isn't?' Said.
'Hmm, The police will find out if you constantly harass by ringing the phone. We can't do anything right now. ' Said Harry.
'Kugan has ordered to do this for someone to us. If we give a good lesson to that dog, all the truth will come out. ' Said Shankar.

‘Where fought me with him? That dog came to fight with me. I must have given him enough and send him back. All you do not leave me for that. What did they talk to you about it? ' Shankar looked at Vanitha and asked.

'How can I say that all? Do they speak the very insulting language found in Tamil? I'm going to die even hear that kind of talk. ' Said Vanitha. She did not dare to pronounce those words.
'Do not think of all that. Thinking about that will be the winning model for those who want to talk like that against you. Should forget all this the next moment, and you must act as nothing happened. That should be a good lesson for them.' Told Harry.

'Harry brother is right, sister.' Said Ramu.
'That's something real, bro. But isn't it a shame that people secretly talk such bad words to a family woman? On the other hand, these helped the liberation of Tamils? Where does all this protect the culture and values? Isn't everything a joke, brother? ' Said Vanitha?
'That was the end of their game. Don't worry, Vanitha. These do still not stop cheating the name of LTTE. They will beat each other for a while more to roll up what is already left. After rolling, they will look after about they can move anywhere else. ' Said Shankar.
'Is there no way to roll up?' Said, Harry.

'What else are they dragging this kind of work self? Everything like newton low. That magic play cannot be understood by the innocent. The mind is the temple of the one who has a conscience. Why should he run to the temple? If they wander around Tirupati, Palani, can they escape from the reaction from God for the sins he has committed? Will all sin be forgiven if the thief puts it in a small offer to god? Will God, who wants that counterfeit coin, sanctify these? If he does, then what is his name? The thief, the one who has no conscience, robing other wealth, needs pity God's forgiveness of sins. What is the fear of those who do not have it? The God they worship is afraid to look at those clean men. Am I right?' Said Ramu.

'Wow,' said Harry, clapping hands. Then,
'Brother, you can practice preaching. Then a thousand devotees will start wandering behind you. Like Gokulathu Kannan, you can come around, and you're popularly hammer. We can change the name to Ramananda like that fraud Nithyananda.' Said, Harry.
'Why should he be such a good boy that you do not like him' Said Vanitha.
'No, sister, what is the use of being a good boy? Who cheats others economically will cheat everything with fox mind. Their game and behavior are what keeps them going here too. The only thing left for real justice is a life without an address?' Said Ramu.

'Not like that. Look at those who have peace of mind. May we, too, be in good spirits. But the last time we give our money and buys all this suffering and puts a stop to our peace of mind.' Said Vanitha.
'Look at that Sivakaran end. He would have had a lot of money. Would there have been peace?' Said Ramu.

'That's right, Ramu. Boomani sister will look for me. I have to go.' Said, Harry.
'Alas, I was unaware about time by listening to the talk and forgot everything. I can make tea. you can drink and go after that.' Vanitha rust away.
'Don't do all that now for us. We can drink another day. You lock the door stay carefully.' As Harry said, Ramu also left with him.

14 Fire Evil

It is four o'clock in the early morning. This time is the recovery period of memories imprinted in human animals' brains. It happens in the depths of human sleep. The investigation that takes place in the mind due to the scenes that unfold in it will continue. Harry was in a deep sleep; some soul inquiries came like a dream in his brain, the phone whimpered that it was all confusing. Miraculous or soul-searching dissolved, and sadly it's bits him. Harry slumped and rolled in bed, reluctant to take it. He decided to lie down if the phone rested three times. He just stared at it to sound secondary. It didn't stop ringing three times. The question of what would be was boring. He took it as if cursing the phone in his mind. At the next end, Shankar narrates the talk with sadness. Harry is shocked when he finds out the reason for that. Harry jumped up and hurriedly changed his clothes. He contacted Ramu on the phone and asked him to come home. Boomani, who saw this,

'Why are you out in the middle of the night?' Asked Boomani.
'Shankar's house is on fire. I'm going to see that. '
'What?' She shuddered.
'He did not say anything in detail. someone throws a kerosene bomb into his house. '
'Oh, did anyone still do that here?'
'Mmm. Many such things can happen. There was a time when Tamils and Sinhalese beats as a political activity.
It is still going there; the fact that the Tamils are inside the Tamils and the Sinhalese are inside the Sinhalese, that kind of political activity continues. It is happening everywhere, not just in Sri Lanka. Part of that applies to Shankar now. ' Said.
'You are saying something all the time. Aren't Vanitha hurt? '
'It's a house on the ground level. If they had to come out, they would come out on the other side. Only we go there, then will we know the rest. ' Said Harry.
'Let me make tea? can you drink before go there? '
'It would be nice to drink tea. But there is no time for that now. Come back and drink that. ' Harry said and ran towards the vehicle in a state of unconscious sleep. Ramu's car had arrived before he reached the garage. Seeing that, Harry did not pick up his car and got into Ramu's car.

When Harry went to Shankar's house, many people had gathered there. The glittering blue sphere is everywhere. The total occupation of the Auxiliary Forces to prevent destruction is there. Their presence as ambulance, fire, and police units. The human crowd wave as sympathizers, entertainment lovers, news aggregators gathered there to see the tragedy.

Harry went near the door of Shankar's house. The police stopped him from going too close. He was a little disappointed not to go near Shankar's home. He stood at that place and looked at the door. Ramu stood at a distance. To Harry, the guilt that disturbed Ramu's sleep.

The discarded kerosene bottle exploded, and the fuel spilled on the ground. The bottle exploded, and part of the fuel lay on the wooden wall. Those in the house must have seen it first before it grows bigger. Someone from inside must have hit the fire with the powder to extinguished it. After that, the fire brigade came and beat the foam and extinguished it completely. Fifty thousand kroner, though, would cost to fix this. Shankar does not have to worry about that. Everyone is comforted that the insurance company will do it. Is that why you pay them every year? What is the message thus conveyed, though? What is its threat? Harry was worried when he counted the impact of it. He understood the iron hammer threat hanging over his head that they would not deviate from their violent path anymore.
That threat now flows blindly above those who once supported themselves. It caused Harry unbearable pain. It understood that it outlined the survival tactic of people like Shankar to continue to be mouth closed up like idiots.

'The game of cited tails has not stopped yet. It is a great tragedy to live in the illusion
of a race that does not know it is as extinct as the pulsating sliced oysters. It is even more tragic that it is our race. Our fence fights will continue wherever Tamils live. Will the time come when the one of non-primitive language and their culture will be extinct in the middle of human history from Eelam? ' A bitter thought ran through Harry's mind.

'What are you thinking, Harry brother? It looks like the police won't let you even go near and look at the door. It looks like we're not doing anything here.' Ramu came to the side and said.

Harry realized that Ramu was suffering from insomnia. It was only when Shankar quietly came behind them and held his hand that they saw him as if they had realized he was there. Then
'Aren't you hurt?' Said, Harry.

'Vanitha did not fall asleep because she was already terrified. I fainted a little also. There at a party, I too drunk lots? I am almost unconscious. Frightened by the sudden fall of something, she ran and woke me up. Then I came out and opened my door and understood what was happening. I told Vanitha to call the fire brigade and brought the powder. They did not completely extinguish the fire. Don't we have to figure out how to beat the powder? Partially contained the fire. Then they arrived. Fortunately, it did not burn on a large scale.' Said Shankar.
'I have to tell you that you are fortunate. If the fire becomes very big, we can't escape easily. Having a house on ground level would be great for getting out in such situations. Normally you can open the window and come out with it. Other ways the back door will help. The story would have been different if it was an upstairs house.' Said, Harry.

'Um, what you say is true. It looks at how thrown; there is a pattern that attackers sometimes made to scare or intimidate. There is no window. So the firebomb is thrown at the front end, which is not easy to catch. If the window glass penetrates, the bottle will break and come inside.
If so, it would be challenging to get out. To me, it feels like someone did something to Shankar. Other ways, they must have come without a plan.' Said Ramu.

'There is something in what you say, Ramu. Suppose they want to burn the whole house they broke window glass than through firebomb. It certainly seems to me that they want to scare someone.' Harry agreed.

'What the hell did that Kugan? Does he try to frighten me? Has he got so much courage now? '

Shankar angrily clasped his hands in the talk. Did Duryodhana become Veema's enemy, and then Duryodhana became Karnan's friend is destiny? Are we the unconscious people who wanted to learn about Hitler and did not understand the Bhagavad Gita and Mahabharata? Is revolution an allegory of humanity trapped in illusion?

'That is police work finds out who done what. It is the responsibility of the insurance company to repair the house. Why are you unnecessarily angry now? Let relax and cool down. What are they doing? Whoever they catch, we can wait and see with comfort.' Said, Harry.
'You are right. But I can't be patient like you. Sometimes a voice inside the skull is like throwing a whip and saying something. Then all the limbs will tremble, and there will be a spacious sky. I'm just there. Kugan wants to come with will and quarrel with me. One of them talked about milk and honey and picked up the house loan, and he also slapped the skull for the act of deceiving others.
Even if you think you are idle, they will not leave me, Harry' repeated Shankar.
'That's right, those who do injustice and deception will not live long. Is it the inner hand gooseberry? What happened to Sivakaran is a good example. You are quiet for anything suitable for you, brother. See a doctor once if possible. He will give you something. ' Said Ramu.

Shankar calmed down a bit after hearing what the two said. Firefighters finished inspecting everything. Then they opened the windows and extinguished the smoke in the air. After a while, they came to Shankar. Those who went like that told Shankar that he could go inside the home. After that, they finished their work, and the vehicle starts creeping from there.

Police are now deep interrogating Shankar and Vanitha. First came the threatening phone. Then the house is set on fire. It is clear to them that all this is not an accident. Shankar could not resist the police question for long. He began to tell everything about what had happened at the party that night. It made them more concerned about this problem. Shankar waved to Harry as they asked who was there with him. So a female police officer approached Harry.

She is taller than six feet. Thin, firm, sick body. Scandinavian curly blonde hair that goes down to the neck like thin wavy. Blue eyes are shining like diamonds. That eyes give Cupid's view of its mind. Her beautiful petals in chili fruit color are jumping like little fish. The unrelenting grin that always lingered in it. The erect beauty in a blue robe, the small breasts push like a sculpture, stiffly officer came and stood in front Harry. Then looking at Harry,

'Are you Harry?' She introduced herself by giving him a hand. She said her name was 'Randy' when she introduces herself like that. Harry also shook hands in response. She smiled, like introducing himself to repeat the name because she knew the name. Then,
'Do you need any help from me?' He asked.
'Hmm, did you go to the party last night? Can I talk to you now?'
'Of course, we can talk.' Said, Harry.
'What's going on between him and Kugan at that party?'
'Not anything significant, let there be no violence. That should not happen because there are so many of us. Just both talk aggressively.'
'What is the reason for that?'
'It can be considered as an argument created by a disagreement.'
'About what?'
'The problem of the home country, the problem of the money collected for it.'
'Is there a connection between the two?'
'Um , there is.'
'How?'
'Shankar was the one who gave the money. Kugan is a collecter of that. '
'Oh really? Have you given too? '
'Hm, hm,'
'Why are you laughing?'

‘I am not a baby watching some fireworks. I have no faith in violence. I have some idea of how much sacrifice is required to use nonviolence as a weapon of war to make the pace. Take Nelson Mandela as an example. That is non-violent, without selfishness. It is a misconception that non-violence has failed; it has failed because we do not have politicians like Mandela. I'm not far enough to go after those who carry weapons or to the extent of helping them. I am not a commoner who applauds military victory and then worries about defeat.
I do not like to sacrifice thousands of innocents for that victory. Therefore I do not give money to anyone.' Said, Harry.

Ramu, looking at both of them on the side, seemed to have finished hearing a good explanation on her face.

‘Oh, you are clear. I like your stand too.' She said.

‘Norwegian people generally do not like violence. Do not use it as a course to solve problems. Such people like this stand well.' Ramu thought. Ramu also knows that not all Norwegians are sadhus.
The woman police officer looked at Ramu and smiled affectionately, and Ramu liked it. He smiled in response too. When he saw her, it seemed to him that she had just finished police college. She looked back to Harry to inquire and write down more information. After a while, police leave from there, and Shankar approached them.

'What told policeman?' Harry looked at him and asked.
'They are asking about who I have a doubt? What can I say? We talked opposite with Kugan. He immediately calls and chats to women about everything he shouldn't talk about, not at all. He also sets the house on fire. No one has been here for so long phone us or set fire. What does it mean that everything happens just after talking to him? I have yet to suspect him; do you need another reason? ' Said Shankar.
'Um, what you say is fair. Who else would suddenly get so angry at you? That and the blinding anger that comes with doing all the work overnight? It is unbelievable. ' Said Harry.
Then everyone went inside through the backdoor. Vanitha wiped the sofa. She did not know if there was any smoke or dust in it. Everyone sits on it.

After a while, Vanitha came and stood with the tea without saying anything. Then everyone drank tea and talked. Time in the talk, they magically dissolve. The time traveled towards the birth of the next day. Intense darkness's claws could not hold the grip as the morning slowly gave birth to the sun. Harry and Ramu said goodbye and went home.

When the time comes for the wakeup from dreams, it is a pity for the number of people who do not want to get rid of it. He went towards the car with Ramu.

15 Deception

Some time ago in Vardø,

That day Thiru and Harry went to the meeting with deep thought. Gathered the person in charge of the radio and deputy in the room where the meeting was to occur. Coffee for drinking, kept hot water for making tea, many tea packages, sugar, milk, spoons, and biscuits for eating there. A continuum of meditation freezes in silence and seeks strength to deliver the words vigorously. A linear smile formed by surgery on the embarrassment of not getting rid of meditation. The faint wrinkle of a smile again on the face of Jarle, who had been silent for a while. In it, a question 'Couldn't there be unity from the four Tamils alone? What are you going to do with the radio? ' Is the glow of the mockery of looking at Harry. Jarle Sometimes would speak sarcastically incomprehensibly and prank. Speaking in a double sense is a pleasure for some. Many people find it difficult to understand. A delight in that for the ambiguous speaker. Sometimes Harry gets annoyed when someone speaks in a double meaning in another language. He does not know what Jarle is going to say today. Fortunately, Kunut can talk more than Jarle; he will not provide him time. Kunut, the proverb says but speaks directly. He will openly state his results.

Responding to the silence with hemming, Kunut began to speak.
‘I’m straight to the point. After the fight on the radio station that day, it was imperative to have an appointment. That incident was not what we expected. So that came as a bit of a shock to us. It has caused us many difficulties with material damage. We know you did not cause the incident. We thought we could talk to you about it in comfort. Suddenly, Mahean came to the studio and talked to me one day. He accused you of running the radio on behalf of some of your organizations without respecting the Tamil people's majority opinion.
He said that was the reason for the fight. These things came as a bit of a shock to us. He also argued that we should make some sort of order so that no more fighting would take place here.' Kunut stopped talk that and looked as if Thiru and Harry would say something. Harry understood that,
'Do you believe it?' Harry asked only that.
'Which part are you going to say?' Asked Kunut.

'I hear about them say that we run shows on behalf of a particular organization.' Said, Harry.
Kunut look at Thiru and told,
'Thiru! You have already talked with me about this. You have stated many times that you intend to run this radio station without any political affiliation. So I do not fully believe what they are saying.' Said Kunut.

'Very happy. We have not changed much from the start. We still do not have any political mix that has come into this radio. What happened that day was unbearable by the fact of them. We who run the radio were affected by that incident.' Sa Thiru.
'Sorry, I'm sad to think of that incident too. I talked to that gay a little harshly about it. Since it is a police case, I did not talk much about it further. I think it's good to consider only one thing, though.' Said Kunut.
'Hmm , tell me.' Said Thiru.

'This siege is finally about to hit us in the head with a hammer.' Harry thought. His nature and habit were like that. He will say anything directly but like injecting a banana.
'This is a democratic country. If there is a problem with an opinion here, secret voting will hold, and whoever gets the majority will have voters choice implemented. His opinion is that the existing majority will elect a new administration and run the show. We cannot ignore that opinion. So you have to hold a secret ballot like that. You have to be bound by that decision. That is our choice.' Said Kunut.
'If you say so, we do like that. We have no choice in it. But you have to understand a fact. This democracy will help impose politics and a partisan ideology on the radio in the future, is our fear. That is the majority purpose and our grief. If you understand Tamil, we don't need to be here.' Said Thiru.
'Democracy is governed by what the majority wants. True. It is difficult for us to understand you unless we understand your language.' Said Kunut with a pained smile. It seemed to Harry that he could not understand us even if he understood our language.

'True. The majority of Germans did not oppose the killing of Jews. Or did pretend to they not know about what was going on. It means indirectly supported that. Because most Sinhalese do not oppose what the Sri Lankan government has done; They also made that historic mistake.

We made the same historical mistake in the north of Sri Lanka. Isn't that something that democratically recognized there then? Democracy is a dictatorship if that does not respect the views and rights of minorities. That is not a true democracy. True democracy upholds by humane leaders when minorities have the right and freedom. Then it will show humanity. Democracy that respects minorities can be called true democracy. We are the ones who have experienced in our lives the cruel sides of majority democracy in our country. That tragedy will happen again when history forgottens. It will record a new history. We expect democracy to be a healthy way of respecting minorities. They will close the door even if you do not intend to close it.' Said, Harry.

There was a sudden silence for a while. Then Kunut,
'I don't think they will look at the democratic rights given to them from a wrong angle.' said.
'Long live your faith.' Said, Harry. He smiled painfully.
'Harry, can't you believe them?' Asked Kunut.
'Only time will tell. And I pray that majority will respect democracy.' Said, Harry.
Jarle was silent about something; now, he looked at Harry and smiled. Harry do not understand its meaning and suffered from that.

When they finished meeting there and came out for a while, the wind blew like a ghost. The cold rubbed the open body parts of the man like sandpaper. Harry hurriedly opened the car and started the heater. Thiru Unbearable,

'What the hell are they saying? If the radio is gone to them, we can never set foot there.'
Um, sometimes historical errors come up like this. Such historical errors will teach human society what is right and wrong.
If cruelty eft in historical records and its pain is left unwritten in tears and blood, Is not the value of humanity unknown to the human race? And so is this.' Said, Harry.
'How hard it was to take this radio and keep. Now. Say.' said Thiru.
'What can we do? Are we in the jungle? Living in a country with human beasts is even crueler. Their brains of beasts are weird. They have the law. They have the power management of a majority called democracy. Tell me what can do?'
'Can't do anything?' Asked Thiru pathetically.

'We must arrange a meeting Saturday and talk about this.'
'Did you tell me to give the radio on Saturday?'
'If that's going to like this, What can we do? Acceptance is honorable civilized. We will be at peace because everything is for the better. Isn't it wise to bump your head into something you know is a boulder? '
'No. Losses are doom. There is no other way but to agree, though. The radio that I thought was my pet child, I never dreamed that it would come to a day give it to undemocratic forces. This situation is crazy now.' Said Thiru.
'Don't worry about taking this as your own thing. You will have a thousand more problems in life. It takes power to deal with it all. Why should we waste too much energy on the problem of where to leave it from our hands? ' Said Harry.
"Well, we will announce the meeting later that Saturday and the election of a new executive."
'That's right. I want to tell everyone to come. Let’s fight as hard as we can. Other ways, there is nothing we can do about it.'
'You are right. I try to get people to come as far as I can.'
'I'm also asking to who I know to come there.' Said, Harry.

16 Mystery

That day, Harry came home from work, ate, and then decided to watch the movie. Boomani also went on the sofa and sat down with him. Harry inserted the Ravanan movie DVD into the DVD player. Then the phone rang. He saw who it was. It showed Ramu's numbers. Harry took it with the thinking of what it would be,

'Hello, what Ramu? What's the matter? ' Asked him.
'You know what? They have arrest Kugan.' Said Ramu.
'When?'
'This afternoon. Police may have arrested at two o'clock.'
"They arrest if everyone raises their hand against him? After that further investigation, what conclusion they will come to is unknown. Ramu, they will be released in two days after their interrogation.' Said, Harry
'What else are we going to do? Well then, I'm hung up to it, brother. ' Ramu said and hung up the phone. Harry was bored. He started looking at the movie have a name is Ravana.
Mani Ratnam's story transforms the old Ramayana into the new Ramayana. A new Ramayana has taken place in our country. Ramayana without Raman. The Aryan dynasty and the one-headed Ravana clashed. Sri Lanka is the land of Ravana. Tamils belong to the Ravana dynasty is unknown? Sinhalese game from North India and Aryans. Are they characteristics Aryans even they came from North India? They speak old Tamil and got women from Kerala? To this day, they advise by the North Indian Aryans. Oh, is not the South Indian monkey herd? This time they stood over the sea and shouted "Uku Uku." Many times they paid attention to the food and the scenes. Many times they even forgot to make noise. After the child's death, the hanuman race got lost in the dream of Kodambakkam. No matter how much growth, they proved to be monkeys again.

The Ravens and Aryans ruthlessly destroyed all dynasties, and they put the people in the middle and clashed heroically. The new Ravanas lost the bow. Arian, who had a mustache, did not let that he who can go today and come tomorrow. They did not see Manu's Justice.

The monster character does not change, and the New Testament read that you will perish with this. The blood of the murdered Tamils mixed in the Nandikadal, and many of those captured alive cannibalized. The Aryans ate meat and drank Soma drinks. In Lanka, they ate and Drank. Chest pounded after the win of the civil war. The remaining tracks secretly destroy away forever. In places devastated by war, Buddhist temples of the renounced Buddha woke up frantically. The Begging Bowl is the only property of Buddha, and the people who say the name of the Buddha, are a kind of inhumane species; they call themselves Buddhists in Sri Lanka. Those who hide violence within the grey-bodice are on guard for it. Instead of justifying the absolute democratic denial of why the Tamils once feared the one-headed Ravanas, this is the gift they received. Some memorable pages carve in the world history lesson.
Like is Harry's understanding of the new Ramayana in Eelam. He was heartbroken when he understood that.

*

When the film was over, a police car comes and stopped in front of Harry's house. From there, the two officers got down and went inside the house. They both stood majestically in six-foot-tall and Norwegian police uniforms. In their face smiled flowering. They have no urgency. However, Harry did not understand why they were coming. They introduced themselves as 'Henrik, Ola.' Harry also introduced himself.

Ola came into the house with Henrik, sat on the sofa, and started talking.

'We are the authorities investigating Sivakaran's murder. We did not get much information from the Tamil people. For that, we are going to some people's houses and gathering information. That list includes your name too. Can we talk to you?'
'Oh, let's talk freely.'
'This is information gathering only.'

‘I understand. I have no problem; even this is an investigation. I will tell you what I know.'

Then they talked with Harry for a long time. It seemed to him that they were dissatisfied when they left. The question arose about whether they were tying the knot on someone's bald head and knees. He thought about them and laughed and forgot himself and smiled very generously.
Boomani stood alone and looked at the smiling Harry strangely.
'If someone sees this, they will tell you that you are a mental person.'
Said Boomani.

17 Radio

Some time ago in Vardø,

The Tamils living in Vardø informed that the meeting holds at 5 pm on Saturday. The city of Vardø relied on the electric light in the dark of the moon's not present from five o'clock onwards.
The city itself delivered the ultimate message that the wind blew the city's peace violently.
Darkness came to power with the heroism that no matter how many suns come, they will not move.
The cold needles searched for inaccessible places, went their way inside the body, and continued its torture. The earth would have been an uninhabited iceberg if modern technology had not produced warmth.
Now some dead-minded people live with other friendly people. Here, survival fits the confusing layer of the peak of needs: heat, clothing, and food will come on this order.
Inside today the hall boils with human words. The heat generated by electricity is combined with human warmth and odor to dissipate more heat. Harry sighed from a chair as the smell of poisonous words thrown by humans spread already. When reasonable ideas destroy when the invincible feeling comes and goes, getting lost somewhere becomes liberating. The thought of being lost in the crowd still haunted him today.

Thiru stood anxious to snatch his only girlfriend. He knew that in a majority democracy, his opinion would fail. The memory of that failure was painful enough to kill him. He never dreamed that the day would come when his beloved child, his beloved, as his radio would give up one day to another. Today it came straight and showed the demanding face of loss. The incomprehensible worry of what to do filled his mind, and then it flooded his face with sadness. He could not bear the fact that the time had come for his radio to slip away. He forces to work for injustice by listening to some people. Understanding the language can sometimes be frustrating. It becomes mandatory to obey orders. It causes anxiety.

They want to capture the radio. Opposide people lined up and came in droves for capturing radio, and with the plan, the radio should organize according to their wishes. Many alternative thinkers do not have that concern. They did not rage even when they took their rights away. What if Raman comes to power? And What if Ravana rules? What if the monkey decides because they help Rama? Harry wondered if alternative thinkers have kept inside the house with this attitude. He also realized that they might be afraid that their family in Sri Lanka might be affected by the collision with the tails here. This fact may have seemed to many to be a ploy to prevent future trips to Sri Lanka. Understood society's welfare to sacrifice for selfishness. Harry thought about it and boiled it.

Our first struggle is justifying every killing in the name of war losses. ‘We give money and dedicate our labor to the movement. They protest and refuse to pay.' Thiru realized that they could not bear this reality. 'However, for a journey without a goal, for guidance that does not understand the world, for actions that do not understand the consequence, is it not a historical mistake to blindly help?' His mind argued against it as to why I should do it. Thiru and Harry are worried as the number of people inside the hall increases.

Not coming to the meeting is not a solution to this problem. Zeros alone cannot bring value. That is what many today have decided to like their answer. It pained Harry that they were not worried about being robbed of their rights. At the same time, it makes those who oppose it very happily. They jumped at the chance that power was sure to come into their hands. The debate began as a whisper, heated up to a boiling point. It raised the voice of a few to the pinnacle.

'They are complaining about the movement and our leader without any help. Even five cents they don't give. How can we tell these people also Tamil? Those who do not have the attitude that who works on is not important, but should become rice, What's wrong with putting a blot on these people skull?' Like Murthy shouted.

'Do they think money can buy freedom? Or do they believe murder is the answer to anything? ' Harry thought; Harry looked at Thiru, as this is enough. Thiru slowly went to the table in front of him;

Ganesh, Gnanaprakasam, Suman got up with him and went with him and sat in the chairs in the front line. Harry went next to Thiru and sat down with Thiru. In a bit of while, Thiru prepared himself,

'If everyone is quiet, then who sits back also listening to what I will tell. Am I correct?' He looks at them and stops the talk. The silence was forcibly dragged there with the sound of soo, soo,
'I think you all know very clearly what we are all here for it. However, I am responsible for beginning this meeting by saying it correctly. I started this radio as a hobby initially and the only thing that could have done in Tamil. A lot of people helped after that. They were very cooperative. Our radio has fans in Vardø and other parts of Norway, especially for the hard work of Harry, Ganesh, Malathi, Suman, and many more. Other Tamil radios in other parts of the country have been borrowing and rebroadcasting some of our programs.

We ran this radio without any political interference. It provided as much helpful information as possible to the Tamils living here. Also, Tamil poems, excellent song plays, functional assays conducted as a radio without any political affiliation. We acted with care, keeping in mind that there should be no political mixing. Now the situation in Vardø has changed. More people have arrived. They have come up with many different opinions.
The desire of many is that there should be room for all ideas. All should respect it. Some of us cannot appreciate the opinion of others. We can see that they deal with the opposite behavior as their own business. We carefully separated politics and radio so that such people's unnecessary hatred and animosity would not arise within the entire Tamil population. Now your pressures are so high that we can no longer remain neutral. We can feel it mentally and physically. ' For some, a small smile appeared and disappeared. Thiru continued.

'For me, there are people with different opinions here, so it would be appropriate for the prefecture to continue to run the radio without mixing as we do now. Well, it is up to the elected administration to decide. Now you have to choose the administration first.' Said Thiru.
Kugan got up. ‘We have told what we want to tell. We need to talk too.' Said Kugan.

‘I just gave an introduction. Not everyone here has time to talk. Can choose the administration first. Then let them do what they want to do with the radio. It would be a waste of time if everyone commented now. An end cannot come easily.' Said Thiru.

'Not so. We must also first explain why one must talk about our politics on the radio before that administration election. That is where we will understand our side's justice to our people. There is so much injustice going on in the country. The government is covering everything up. Their media is campaigning against Tamils all over the world. We should be ashamed that we did not bring the covering by the government of Tamil to the outside world for such a situation. To be humiliated. Now I need time to talk about justice.' Said Kugan.

Thiru now looked at Harry without answering. Harry understood that, 'Thiru gave only a brief introduction. If you think, No, it's more than an introduction, after choosing the administration, let them talk about this in-depth. Who wants to speak short now? '
'Let Kugan talk about.' Many voices sounded in support of him. He was proud of it. Harry's heart sank when Kugan has received enormous support from people, and he knows that he caught his pride in blind violence.
Kugan began to speak.

The sound of clapping hands split the hall roof first and then split the sky. Shankar got up before to calm down the noise. 'I ask you to elect Kugan as head of the administration. The work of people like him will liberate our race.' Said Shanker.

'From the beginning, when I came to Vardø, I wandered here in a kind of shock without relief. Only one part of Tamil people support our liberation struggle; the other part Tamil people vehemently oppose it and speaks arbitrarily. Can the struggle take place without errors and losses? Everyone knows that a struggle without losses is not possible. They knowingly argue. I am amazed, depressed, and angry when I see people who routinely criticize and speak out against our warriors without even respecting the sacrifices they make there as selfless warriors. Can there still be Tamils? When one's race murdered, does one feel the urge to act against one's race by exaggerating fraternal problems?

Is it not a betrayal of our race to remain silent so that politics does not infiltrate the radio we run when the enemy uses all the means at its disposal to coal coat against our struggle? We should use everything we do for our liberation. A few people here have personal enmity with the movement. For that, we cannot give a voice to those fighting for the overall liberation of our race. It should not be. We can never allow that. On this radio, we have to take the justification of our struggle. We have to support the movement that is fighting for it. Must respect its tremendous sacrifices today; we will elect an administration that can ensure that. Radio is not Thiru's property. It is a common medium for everyone. If our race's disgrace obscured without being narrated in it, what is the benefit from it? If we do not support our liberation, who else will? Who else will appreciate the heroes and sacrifice of the freedom fighters even we did not appreciate it? The situation may be different from today.

From now we have to help as much as we can. We should not hesitate to use anything for that. This radio is a perfect example of that. Through that, we should do our best for our motherland. Such an administration should be elected here today. I'll probably get an answer that we will make the right choice today.'

'All right. If everyone is going to comment here, but you can't go home even after dawn. Let those who wish to be in administration stand up. Write down their names. Then we will vote. Let the winners take administrative responsibility.' Said, Harry.
'If some more tell their opinion clearly to others in this hall, then we can get more votes, and we can win with a large majority. Let's talk about that. That's a good way .' Said Shankar.
"It simply came to our notice that already we have a majority here. Do not be afraid, Shankar.' Said Vanniyasingam.

Meanwhile, they formed a small market as the people began to talk. Thiru tries to say something 'Let's them talk for a while. Then vi can stop them and prepare a list.' Harry said and stopped Thiru.
Then Harry thought of something 'I need a paper to put the list. Can Ganesh run away and pick up some paper from the office? ' Asked.
'No problem, I can go and get it.' He looked at the Thiru and said, 'Can you give me the key to the office?' He asked and picked up the key and hurried towards the office.

'It looks like the betrayal crowd is over here, isn't it?' Shankar said to Vanniyasingam that Harry also heard clearly. Although Harry was initially angry that he had to go and grab the shirt, he did not speak in such a way that it was his nature to suppress it. Thiru looked at Harry and became silent. Suman is uncontrollable,

'What, brother? He comes to Vardø before four days, and now he is talking about Kattabomman and Ettappan with rhyme?' Said Suman.
'What is in the pot will come in the spoon. What can we do about it? He speaks a Tamil that he knows. Let's talk.' Said, Harry.

'No, Brother, we have to pinch it in the bud. That would be okay. They are a kind of selfish group that broke out in search of survival. What proximity do these have to look at us and talk about it? Tell me that? Let them talk, and we will be patient and think of us as a coward that can't do anything.'
'If dog bite, do we fall and bite the dog for that? Ahh, We need to understand and talk about who we are talking to.' Said, Harry.

'You say the same thing and turn us off.' Told Suman.
'Not like that. Beating each other is five-minute work. It will not come back after the respect is gone. We should see to it that this does not happen. Have you seen the Norwegian? They shout out. They will dance in anger. They will break what they are seeing. But normally, they do not lay hands on other people. That's what's important. I think that's the difference between a human and an animal. Will you wander with me go to fight? Am I tolerate that?' Asked Harry.
'Well, let the dog scream and cool down.' Said Suman.
'That's good. Do we do what we must do without talking? ' Said Harry.
Meanwhile, Ganesh, who went to fetch the paper, returned, and Harry looked at Thiru with meaning. Realizing it, Thiru woke up. Then he tapped his hand hard; The noise began to subside slowly.
'Well, whoever wants to come to the administration, now let them stand up.' Said Thiru. Then looking at Ganesh,

'Did you go and write their names?' Asked Thiru. Ganesh went down with paper and pen.
There was no hesitation on their part. Five men stood up as if they were already talked and agree.
Harry then wrote as if he had already narrated five of them. Ganesh wrote the names in alphabetical order. He ran back to the office to copy it.

The voting held as explained. Four candidates elected by the House then counted it. It follows a ranking of those who received the most votes. In the end, Harry's team embraces defeat. Thiru announced it with concern, and same time opponents shouted in joy. They got up with a happy start to dance, and Harry anticipated this decision.

They were the first to mobilized and came here. The second Harry side people did not come on this day, who supported Harry did not realize its importance. The two together pushed them into the abyss of defeat. For a moment, they were shocked and speechless. Then Thiru applauded again as if he had overcome himself and said hello to start the talk.
'We are all concerned about accepting the outcome of today's election and implementing it.
We are ready to hand over all the radio's responsibilities next week. You can contact us depending on when it is convenient for you. I have nothing more to say than this. My heartfelt congratulations to the winners.' Said Thiru.
'Why not give the key now?' Shankar asked.
Suman, who had been patient till now, jumped up, screaming, 'Beating him by sandals,' and biting his tooth. Harry grabbed him tightly.
'Suman! does not confuse at the last moment.' Sayed Harry to Suman sternly.
'I confuse myself? They are arrogant everywhere.' Said Suman.
'Hey, what the heck is that we're scared to run away? If you can, come now. Is it okay to just straighten your chest? Do you know how many people are here? Do you think you got a horn when you went to movement? What have you done to Tamil people when you went movement? Do we know you collected rice parcels only? Then eat that collected rice parcels. They go there alive and jump to death. They are heroes. These and their movements, ' said Shankar.
'Let go me and let me teach a lesson to that dog,' Suman growled again.

Harry held him even tighter. The idea that Tamils are violent will last the Norwegian people's memory is not his wish; he never wanted it. It seemed to him that sometimes they would betray him, whether they wanted to or not. Thiru called the winners. They come. 'What do you think? Do you want key now? ' he asked.

'Is there a problem with giving key now?' That was the question from them.
'Nothing big. Where the materials and clothes we must take with us. Let it come and take it now.'
'That's OK. We can wait. You can give me the key after you have taken it. ' Said. The opposite side Showed no drop of mercy to Thiru.

Shankar then looked at them and whistled as they locked the hall door and came out to disperse. Suman jumped up and pushed him into the chest with a single breath. Unexpectedly, Shankar fell backward and beaten their head on the ground.

'The dog must have died of a concussion.' Sayed Suman angrily.
Then Shankar got up and shouted, ‘Aaaaaa.’ Someone knew the two were coming there.
Harry grabbed Suman and dragged him to the car. Others went to the office to pick up their belongings.
'Infiltrated the radio station and beaten these not enough, they will only change if we give well once more. Let's have a chance.' Someone in the audience heard screams of anger.

18 Psychiatry

The golden rays of the sun, which are everywhere, with the heroism that chases away the thin air and the mist that clings to it. The beginning of the marital relationship in which he embraces the earth with lust. Harry realized that he could enjoy the warmth and get the vitamin D he needed for free from the sun if he went out. Enjoying the sun's warm rays is a healthy pleasure in this country.

Strangely, even those born in a country the sun is shining like an oven are eagerly awaiting the rape of him here. Harry understood the extreme right of privacy given to Sun by space and time.
Suddenly the thought arose of Shankar and wanted to go and see him. Then the idea was like a cat in mind continues scrapped. It is Harry's policy to show love to the enemy as well. He never considered Shankar as an enemy. Harry was well aware of inexperience that his judgments varied according to the political and social platforms on which they stood. Shankar's social and political platform would undoubtedly have been different. What seemed right to him appeared to be wrong to Harry. Harry's social and political platform held a different view of him. Yet each of the human brains functions differently. In any case, it is Harry's wish that everyone should respect basic humanity. He could not bear it when violated by someone. Yet Harry is evident that one can only disagree with the meaning, not hate that person.

Harry went to Shankar's house. The house was refurbished and gleamed with fresh paint. Shankar's son went to military training when he was eighteen. Now Shankar and Vanitha are living in a kind of isolation. Harry will understand that suffering. Harry pressed the button for the calling bell. After taking a few moments, Vanitha came and opened the door. When the woman who opened the door saw Harry, and with placenta, 'Come in, come in.' Sayed.
'Good weather. It would have been nice to have seen Shankar when I remembered to go outside think about him, that's it,' said Harry.
'Who has time to visit others here in Oslo? Even we can visit just one time in six months to the house next door.' Said she.

'That's is true. Where is Shankar?' Asked Harry.
‘Can You sit on the sofa first? I have to bring something to drink.'

The sister disappeared and started talking again after returning with Cola to drink.

'Hmm, I'm not relieved to think of him. What will I do? Our story is that they gave money and bought trouble for a high price. Let it go well without being worry about that is the correct solution. Instead, he went crazy thinking about it. That money left over from our hands earns by working hard as a cleaner. Remembering that they had deceived us, he turned to kill them. It is a pity to see him now. He never listens to anything I say. Shanker did not take a bath or no cleaning for many days. He gets angry the first if I say anything to him. Shankar always holds the head in his hand, always in the headache. A voice would say to his brain, "Kill, kill," and he tells me that he will kill someone. It is our destiny already written?' Asked Vanitha.

Following that, the diamond lines on the eyelids' edges with the broken woman's voice descended rapidly. It then bent like a snake and went down over the neck. Harry was heartbroken, and the eyes screened with shadow his view. It is a pity to see her.
'If this is a problem, why not take him to a psychiatrist?' Asked.
'I just want to go. But Shanker will not come alone first. Second, they take a long time to give an appointment.' Said Vanitha.
'No, you get an appointment first. Then tell me about it. I am with you both too. If I come too, I can take Shankar anywhere. Should not leave him for a long time like this condition. It's tough for you also. Shankar relied heavily on everything. That is a problem that came from that. ' Said Harry.
'True, Harry. That is the kind of person who trusts everyone and will deceive them. Always thinking of something, talking something to himself, I never dreamed he would change all this.'
While they were talking, Shankar hurried inside.
Shankar's looks like, who changed into the role of a beggar from a groom's role, upset Harry. Irregular mustache looks everywhere, unruly hair, unruly white hair hanging in the shape of a goat's beard, and eyes dripping with green cell-like pus as if he had blindfolds.
The glare in its eyes prevented it from fully opening as it narrowed. He has a dirty jacket them no place for more dirt and underwear like that. The pursuit of an unbearable odor,
Shankar, upon seeing Harry,

'What the hell are the tiger's tails? Are they making any trouble? Tell me please; they do a problem with you; all of these must cut pulsation continually. That better let them run away and cut them off,' Said Shankar. His eyes were red, and his lips twitched in anger.
'Shh, leave it all and look after your health of body and mind.' Said, Harry.
'What's wrong with me? Just the mind often says, 'Kill the cheaters,'' Said Shankar.
'Not like that, Shankar. The material will come and will go; it is not permanent in life; maybe life is also not endless. That is another story. Can you kill for that, your mind saying? Will he come back alive if you kill? Is it possible to escape from punishment and society's hatred after the murder? The suffering of the killer, some of the time, is greater than the suffering of the slain. It will continue for life. It can be whether we are punishing ourselves more than punishing others. Murder is not the end of the problem, Shankar. We need to understand that that truth. Take care of your body and mind. That's what's important now.' Said, Harry.
'Kill, kill says a voice in my head always Harry?' He said.
Harry becomes pathetic. I didn't understand what to say for a moment. After that, he manages himself and said,

'It's kind of stress, Shankar. Shall we go to the Doctor one day? ' Asked.
'Then you are telling that I am a madman is it that, Harry?' Shankar asked.
'Don't understand. Mental illness comes to anyone, Shankar. Did you know that some Norwegian politicians also got that and talked openly about this? How many times do they talk about it on TV? One of them was then the higher political position in this country. Even so, he won't hide without treated his illness. He treated. He openly told others of his illness. Depression can come to anyone. Can it be left untreated? Can you hiding for that you have a mental illness? Shankar, we are going to Doctor. You also have to think a little bit about Vanitha's sister and your son. Your illness is not limited to you. It will be an inconvenience for those around you. No one in this country is ashamed of being mentally ill or being treated for it. Because this is a disease, there is no need to be ashamed of it. I do not know if there is a better way than going to Doctor.' Said, Harry.
'Well, living with this cranial voice is very difficult. Let's go to the Doctor one day. ' Shankar agreed.

19 with a knife

After dinner that day, Boomani and Harry were watching a Tamil movie. Then the phone rang suddenly. He was tired of feeling an innate connection between watching a movie and ringing on the phone. Some facilities look like neck amputations for some people. Harry thought it was one of them and picked up the phone. The call came from Shankar's house. Harry was excited to see it. At the next end, Vanitha cried nervously.

'Harry! Please come quickly here, brother. He picks up the knife and tries to get out. I called the ambulance and told them, and this shock freezes me. I am afraid that he will run away anywhere in the middle of the time before the ambulance come. If he finds anyone on the way he is going, he will attack them; I am terrified about that, Harry. ' Said she.
Harry was not expecting this. Even he manage the situation and tell her, 'Okay, I'm coming now.' Said, Harry.
Then he hurried to Shankar's house with Boomani. Ambulances and police arrived when they left. Shankar boarded into an ambulance with the police's help, tied to a bed with a strap, and injected to reduce his aggression.
'Do you do like this, Vanitha? Do you do like this Vanitha? 'As Shankar asked continually, then fainted.
When Vanitha saw Boomani and Harry, she ran away, hugged Boomani, and cried. It was a great embarrassment for Harry to see it.
After a while, the police and ambulance left, and they all went inside the house. Vanitha continues to cry. Then she made tea without asking even harry asked to stop that. She drinks tea herself too.

20 Tamil Association

Some time ago in Vardø,

Radio and Tamil Sangam (Tamil Association) are Tamil lovers' twin children in Vardø. They dragged it one by one with force and kept it under their control.
Then they killed its soul and turned it into a propaganda cannon. No one could stop it. It became an indigestible concern for Harry and his associates. They swallowed the pain of the control that must respect the majority democracy and another important principle that there is no point in promoting violence.

The incident began when corrupting one child's soul, and another child's soul started deteriorating. Harry did not expect this to happen so quickly. Those moments have suddenly come. It understood that there was no escape from this anymore. It seemed to Harry that the two-legged, venomous human beast, with a brain powered by electric shocks loaded with toxins, was frantic and ready to jump as winners.

Ten people lived in Vardø when the Tamil Sangam (Tamil Association) started. Now that is changed. That number has now increased tenfold. They will plunder its soul and purity by using it as a pretext. They have the voting power to do so. Their interest in pursuing politics intends to control all, constantly flowing over. Harry and his friends are part of a crowd that has left the country without expectation. All they wanted was peace. They did not come here with any hypocrisy stratagem of political affiliation. Losing rights has become their way of life. Here, too, rights are being forcibly taken away on the pretext of democracy. Beautiful philosophies erase the explanation for it. Wherever he goes, the loser lefts with the pain of death. Today is a painful day. Harry's heart sank as he realized it. It's boiling to explode. So he suffocated, and he could not breathe.
The meeting began.

Selvaratnam served as the leader of the Tamil Sangam (Tamil Association). He will keep it unclear which side his opinion will be on. That's what he thinks is the value of his position. He will speak vaguely in places where he can get supported.

Now Kugan got up quickly before Selvaratnam could address.
'Why are we waste time talking around and around. The administration was elected when we have only ten members totally in Vardø. There are now more than one hundred Tamil people here in Vardø.
There can be no administration made up of ten people that reflects so many people's will.
We must elect a new administration without wasting time. If anyone who objects to this, it can be decided by voting.' Contrary to what was said then, today he told.

His speech was full of overconfidence, harassment, and ridicule. The voting power for it is an expression of the courage they now have. His address made Suman boil. He suddenly jumped up.

'Oh, even those ten people Kugan telling did not come to Vardø at once. Only a few came here first.
Even if they were all gold diggers, not even the ten people who formed this Tamil Sangam (Tamil Association) could have arrived. The first ones came, and the rest of the people sniffed here because they cried like crow's and called their people. Ten could not be a hundred unless those ten people thought they have to help others. Only a handful of the ten is flag bearers at that time.
It widely accepts that was their right. Because of that, we did not stop helping those who came here. But now the situation has changed. There is nothing new for our race where betrayal and jokes about the steps they came across. You think that you can be achieved this by force and do not need to say any excuse. Oh, there is no need more bad explanation like can not run a Tamil Sangam (Tamil Association) that was elected only by ten people.' Kugan got up when Suman's finished to tell that.
'Suman tells like anti-democratic. After all, we need a new administration. No one can stop it. If any problem, we can arrange voting now. The problem will end there.' When Kugan finished with that, Shankar got up,

'Democracy is about giving value to the majority everywhere. Still, do as the majority says. There is no point in wasting time.' He told me like that. Suman smiled in disgust and clapped. He sits down and continues,

'It is this majority democracy that the Sinhala state has also implemented. Could it have been that you all did agree with them and shut up your mouth as they wished? Why are you running from our homeland here and hiding and catching the tail of LTTE? If majority democracy is OK for you, why kill so many people there? ' Spurte.
Kugan got angry and said,
'We have not run from our homeland. We have temporarily left the country due to national problems. The next moment the problem is over, we will back home and built it. earn money is not important to us.'
'Uh, oh, They shot Albert Duraiappa and, therefore, temporarily out of the country? No, the Sinhala government is deporting them? That is why when they came to Norway, Norwegian gave them a red passport and welcomed them with royal honors.' Said Suman.
'Then how many politicians you shot until now? Are you got a red passport for yourself? Is not you too also ran away from the motherland?' Asked Kugan.
Suman jumps on Kugan and asks' 'Whos you telling betraying our people, and you are betraying the Tamil race as a whole? Are we not doing that? You can never understand that?' Suman, in angry, pushed him. He fell on the chairs. The two got up and came towards Suman. Realizing that the situation was getting worse, Harry and Ganesh grabbed Suman, took him with them, and sat down.

Selvaratnam, aware that the issue was diverting and interrupted,
'First, let's everyone's a little quiet and sit their respective places. We are not come here to fight. Let to elect an administration and goes to our work quickly. There is no point in talking in any other direction without that necessary. We must first choose a new administration, or it needs a referendum first. We must do that first. If it gets a majority to choose a new administration, let's elect a new administration.' Said Selvaratnam.

Meanwhile, Kugan awoke and found himself in a state of shock. When he understands the situation, he got angry and look at the Selvaratnam,
'Have you just got the understanding of that? Had we done this first, where would we have gone now? If we come to Tamil Sangam (Tamil Association), everyone fights with us. We are ready to fight. Then we can come on that day with a cricket bat and beat you. If you can, then come and fight. You can stand here and pretend to jump and fight with great confidence. But we know about you.' Said Kugan.
Anyone don't know what Shankar suddenly thought,

'He has a hand that does not respect others' border. He will use that for everyone. Let this first administrative election take place. We can look after this problem later. Kugan, come and stay where you are.' Said Shanker.

Kugan accepted it and went and sat down in his seat. After that, there was a little silence. Selvaratnam called three people and talked with them. He planned to hold this referendum straightforwardly.
Those who want to choose new administration should raise their hands first and oppose it second.

After counting it, he decided to implement what gets the majority. He also knows very well who has the majority here. Also, understand that everything is going to be as their wishes. He wondered why he wasted unnecessary time when he slipped out from the position.

The trio understood what Selvaratnam said and stood ready to count. Then Selvaratnam explained it to the congregation. Hands raised. Seventy-five percent of the hands were present at first. Harry was exhausted. The snatching of their next treasure also pierced the heart with diamonds. He remained helpless.

Then they told the opponents to raise their hands. It soared here and there. Some in the congregation laughed at that. Announcing that there is a majority for the administration to choose from, Selvaratnam said, 'Now choose the administration yourself. My work will end here.' He got up suddenly and left the place. No one expected him to do so. There is a sudden silence, and an
emptiness strikes full speed. Suman, Ganesh, and a few others saw Harry. 'Shall we go out now?' It looked asking like that. Harry shook his head as if it was a little awkward but not go out now.
They witnessed what happened there with a sad face.

For a while, everyone did not understand what to do when the Selvaratnam suddenly went away. Taking advantage of the situation, Kugan suddenly came to the place of Selvaratnam. The deputy called Sankar and one more. Then he hemmed and talk, 'Then we will choose the administration.

'Seeing that Kugan had come and started talking, Suman did not even look at Harry and left. A car with a sound vibrating all town departed from the hall after a while.

Harry understood Suman's anger. 'Many times, it is the majority of democracy that does not understand the minority they win. Some of them are losing their rights because of that. In one place,
those who defeat by democracy also get the victory through democracy in another chance. Then by them, the minority; Rights, opinions, pains go unnoticed. It's only right for democracy to get its wealth than to serve people.' Harry thought.

This time, neither Harry nor his like-minded candidates are running for the position.
It has blatantly proven that it is difficult to win if there are a contest and a referendum. Such was the spread of Tamils in Vardø as a community by divided many societies. Only a few of them are alternative, and only a few of them come to such drama meetings. The administration elects without contest. They are delighted that the administration has got their hands on it. To that delight, they held a song-to-song competition.

21 Misfortunes never come singly

Some weeks the days ran quietly without the hustle and bustle. It will be at one o'clock on Friday night. Harry's cell phone rang again. At night this scream no longer gives pleasure to Harry. Although emergencies always not will come with waring. Therefore he will be ham about it, even sleep disturb by this. The first thought of taking it after ringing three times, as usual, today then changed his mind as usual and saw who it would be. It came from Shankar. Why this time? Harry didn't understand it.

Those who took Shankar in the ambulance that day were treated for two days and sent him back home. He returned home, refused to talk to Vanitha, and fasted in silence for a few days. He also accused that his wife is also thinking of herself as he is a madman. Then the anger subsided. Now he has been told to take medicine. Doctors do not care much about how this suffering patient will take medicine properly. It is essential to take the medication regularly for those who have a mental illness. That is something that does not happen on its own. Helpers will also need appropriate knowledge. In a country that has become accountable for every service get from society, it is not surprising that human interests are sacrifices also and subtraction. Harry knows that Vanitha will oversee Shankar. Shankar would not have taken medicine without her help.
‘Why is he calling for now? Has he taken his medicine today? ' The man, who did not have time to answer his questions, picked up the phone.

‘Harry! I am Shankar talking. I do not know what I shall do. They did it like this, Harry. Now I must go and kill them. But I have to come here with her, Harry.' Said Shankar.
'Why is Shankar talking like this? Don't be nervous about what's going on. What happened?' Asked Harry.

'I'm still in a bland state with Vanitha; You know that, Harry. I went out today as usual. I don't like being home always as a prisoner. You know about that. Now I do not go to Grønland either. There will be an unnecessary fight if I go there.

I Just went out and walk down the street. Then I went to the pup and drank one beer. After that, I came back home. Our house's door lay open; I just started fainting and couldn't stand. I managed somehow and went in saw Vanitha. I can't believe that someone hit her and has a head injury. She is almost come out from fainted and sat on the ground holding her head. I'm nervous, and I do not know what I must do. I have come to the emergency Doctor. It can take a long time to get inside too. Look at this, Harry; what's happening to me? They always scratched with me, giving lessons back to them properly one day. That will be an unforgettable event for everybody. When I make the Vinayagar statue come monkey out of that, they destroy my family. Did you see this?' Said Shankar.
'Keep patience, Shankar. Your position is like that who gripped the tiger's tail. You can't let go or hold it. I think you must be with Vanitha's sister. That's what important to her. I will come there soon.'

Shankar is a few years older than Harry. But Harry never thought like that about Shankar. Shankar's image and action did not allow for it from the beginning. So, he calls Shankar in the singular.

'No, don't, Harry. What are you going to do when you get here? It's a waste of time for you. It's good you tack asleep. The rest, we will talk tomorrow.' Said Shankar.

'Well, then carefully come back after medical treatment. We can talk tomorrow. ' Harry hung up the phone.
'Why, If they anger with Shankar, going to attack his wife? Where is this like the new civilization of the Tamil people? ' Said Boomani.

‘What answer can give to this? Beating women not new for our society? Listen to the songs made for MGR’s Tamil movies, and thinking everybody like him is Whose fault? Violence is a hysteria. In this hysteria, the man does not see himself or an innocent woman.
How many murders have committed in the country? Have we shown any kindness to the children? Or any women? Cut with a knife, hanging, shot by a gun, twist the nack, grenade exploding in the genitals, any guilt even for humanity's shameful injustice done by all Sri Lanka conflicts parties. Where in the countryman has always roamed like beasts? Until today browsing that kind of conflict party in Sri Lanka. Browse more. The only difference between the two races is language, religion, and cultural values? Where skins too Same color.

Buddhism came from Hinduism. Sinhala become from old Tamil and another language. Yet, how can those two species go beyond history? Did you see it? Didn't they live there as an unwanted wife? In addition to that, the same suspicion and ugly character Since, are these the same people who came here? What do you expect from these people? Until the mind is changed, the story of the deadly beasts wrapped in human skin will continue. ' Said Harry

'Hmm, instead of being proud to be a Sri Lankan, you should be ashamed of the history of the country.'

'My prayer is that it will not be like that.' Said, Harry.

22 Politics

Some time ago in Vardø,

In Vardø, the Tamil Sangams (Tamil Association) administration elects for a month ago, and time melted away like summer snow. Still a Saturday today. The arrival of Saturday, the day of the loss, brings disgust to Vardø. Second Tamil Sangam (Tamil Association) meeting to be held after a new administrator's election. Ganesh came by car to Harry's house. There he parked his car on one side of the street and went to Harry's house. Harry floated in unlimited ecstasy that day. The news of Boomani has got a visa from the Norwegian embassy made his ecstasy level rise to the sky. He floater intoxicated and fly in the sky without wings.
He can't stand still on the earth when he thinks about Boomani arriving in Norway in ten more days. Harry bought a house because Boomani is coming. Buying a home should be one of the momentous events of your life. He bought a bed, a sofa, a stove, and many utensils.

After buying and stacking them all, the house now looks a bit OK. He also did renovation work with the help of Ganesh and Suman. Harry passed the time for a while, wondering when Boomani would come. Put it to an end to that.

Ganesh, who came in and looking at Harry,
'Um, everything is ready. Now our sister can come, and then we will get food made by hand wearing the bracelet.' Suman said.
'Yes, Why not? She can cook what you want. Is this OK to drink tea with the rough hand?' He got up and went to the kitchen to make tea.
Ganesh also walked to the kitchen with Harry.
'Do you like to say anything?' Asked Harry as he looked at Ganesh.
'Nothing, brother. M.., I don't know exactly. That's I am thinking of how I can tell you.' Said Ganesh.
'So, what is the thing that cuts the head? Am I not asking for proof of what you will say?' Said, Harry.
‘Not everything the thing that cuts the head. Everything that already had to go is gone. What's left to more? ' Said Ganesh.
'Don't forget what you came to say.' Said, Harry.

'These people can take some or all money from Tamil Sangam (Tamil Association) and give to their violent organization. If they provide that, doesn't anyone need to explain where it will go? Where there is our name also registered as members of the association. The Norwegian government also pays for such a record. We can't let them take our money and send it to an action we don't want. There is no way to prevent it. Since we are a minority, we can do nothing within the Tamil Sangam (Tamil Association). Do you know this matter? ' Asked Ganesh,
'Suman is already screaming on the telephone. Now we have no use in shouting. I do not know how many people came today on our side. OK. Who come they can come. Let's argue as much as we can.' Said, Harry.
'Brother, there are no people to listen to and understand what others are saying. They will tell like that, If you want, you can get up and go out like a slap in the face.'
'I know that too. Even that said, it should come as no surprise. '
'What did you do, brother, if there was such a situation?'

'Come on. Will the money be sent? If sent, we will not leave it alone. Then we must talk with the municipality. Even after that, being in the Tamil Sangam (Tamil Association) will be a constant drag for us.' Said, Harry.
'That's it, brother.' Said Ganesh.
'Do not be worried. Let's see what happens next today. Let's take a look at how functional opposite people are.' Said, Harry.
'Um, they shouldn't send a single Krone out of this association. We can't stop it now.' Said Ganesh.
'In the present situation, that is difficult. On the contrary, opposite people have caused a lot of sympathy in the city council. They are keeping well. So what we are telling may not be believed there either.' Said, Harry.

'We should not leave this without forming a new Tamil Sangam (Tamil Association). They should not be allowed to buy weapons where there is our money. If so, we have some of that sin as well. Let us all act boldly against it. For that, you have to stand in front.' Said Ganes.
'Drink your tea Ganes. Everything will go well. Let's show the trick that we know a little bit about transgression. Even a little Tamil here, there is no unity among the Tamils, like the natives will say. What do about it?' Said, Harry.
'These are the people who are selling conscience, and they are like wolves' minds. We should not be disappointed no matter what happens.' Said Ganesh.

'True. What opposite people have done is a great political maneuver. They think everything else is stupid. That arrogance is going to make them head over heels one day. You can wait and see.' Said, Harry.

'What we must wait to see this? Don't you know what's going on when we see this? Everyone knows that they have the blind support of the people from abroad who helped save their selfishness. Let it go. The key to the struggle is how much support there is in the country. How long can you be forced to dream of liberation? They are the ones who have to fight at the front line tomorrow. They're all want to escape from the monster.
On the contrary, the opposition is more than the support to them in Eelam. There is nothing better from them now than the false blanket of fighting for Tamils. Someone will pick up that blanket one day. Then everybody will know about them.
Enemies as a part of their people, A child army fight for them, How long will it take for another country's army to invade with the superpowers' help and how long can protect the people by child army? The attack can be a victory as long as it is the defensive army. Indeed, gorillas cannot destroy for a long time.
Legacy army? Saniyan (An unlucky person associating with whom may bring evil) began to capture them as soon as they became a defending army. That is the basic rule. I know it will show when time goes. India wanders angrily as a serpent has beaten. If the opportunity arises, it will not be left untouched. Kannagi came from Italy with an anklet in Delhi waiting for them, and she twisted her chest and gave it to RAW and CPI. It will teach another Bengal lesson to them. If we provide you with a weapon to confuse the Sri Lankan government, are you going to set up a separate state? They will ask. One day everything will fly like a house built in cards. No wonder this crowd is talk against them. We have had the gift of one day in nineteen eighty-seven to challenge Sri Lankan militarily. They do not know how to use it tactically. The Sri Lankan government used it very well. History will not forgive the bankrupt selfish politics of these for a thousand years.' Said Ganes.
A thousand things here. Aren't they the only ones who can make mistakes in everything? It is only sure that these will push the Tamil people to destruction without recurrence. '
'That is very real.' Ganes smiled angrily.

23 Kulam

Kulam's every move of life becomes trembling as malaria seized. Trembling, he languished in utter sorrow. He shuddered to find out what had happened to some of the critical people appointed to raise money and manage it in Oslo. That too also lived in Tromsø. They killed one of the two amiable friends. Whenever he thinks of Sivakaran's tragic death, he cannot bear the cold and stiffness that climbs the spine. 'How brutally murdered is he? Who will it be? How can anyone tell what he is doing? ' He did not even understand why. He also did not understand how to explain what the three of them had in common to the police. It is unknown what he will do after leaving the post. 'A thousand questions may arise from the police. Sometimes the person may have to change their identity. Even the label of a terrorist can charge.
It is unknown what he will do after leaving the post. It is not wise not to know that politics. He can't trust anyone these days. No one can entirely accept the facts. ' He thought.

He is now in a wheelchair, shaking his head like an Oriental garden lizard and sticking out his tongue, and he has paralyzed.
The impact of the blow to his head is a survivor. Now he has got new identification by the police and lives elsewhere. These facts always frighten the Kulam. Only he knows that he is the third person and that his turn will come soon. That is what made this devastating tremor so unstoppable. Kulam, also like others, came to Europe in search of material benefits and security, blaming the national problem for that.
After coming here, he realized that it is true that one can live in luxury with hard work and a little deception. He understood some other facts than that. One of them is that even if you give your head and work for them, there is no death risk. He used this opportunity to become a martyr, to make a good name for himself in the future, and then he put his brain into the cunning idea that if he gets sprayed a little from the flowing river, it would not be a loss to society. He started working hard for it. Tamil Eelam was beaten repeatedly and loaded into the brains of many. The false scripture reads for them to maintain the military balance if they have money permanently.

Believing that he could rule the country despite the endless war of annihilation, he became arrogant and extorted money when blind patriotism flourished. The protests and the atrocities that followed little by little now seem to be chasing him himself. He cannot say it with his mouth but strikes it in mind.

Those who have an unrequited love for violence will have unwavering confidence in the violent struggle. In the meantime, his parents arranged a marriage for Kulam in his hometown. Women sent after that belong to his caste. Her name is Sivakalai. Daunted by the loss of her brother Sivagalai, she came to Norway with the courage to admit where right or wrong. Fighting is not just about lifting the weapon. She thought that although he was not beautiful, he was a man of integrity and courage. In her imagination was blessed with the grace of a merciful man, and love rained down.

When she landed at the Oslo airport, Kulam repeatedly asked about the Tigers, and their heroism shocked her, but she did not speak.
She was exhausted. She knew that she became a madwoman if she lived with him. That is because of her life experience. Kulam would have known what had happened to her brother. Forgetting it, he asked her again and again that she was upset.

Brother memories will always burn in her mind. Its suffering will crush the heart with sorrow. He also becomes a prominent businessman in Jaffna. He is the only male heir of the family, and they extorted money from him, even being an honest man. He bribed every truck coming to him from Colombo. That is the general rule. You have to give a lot more than that. He needs to show the account book to them. Give money or give your life is their law.

He could not fulfill their demand due to a lack of reserve money. 'If a merchant who refuses to pay shot first, others will come and pay the money without asking anything by fear.' The philosophy learned by the Asura from the monster. The LTTE people took him to the inquiry with the books of account.

They returned nothing. LTTE kicked the father who asked for his son. Dad was very confused and unstable.

By that incident, Sivakalai was dead born. Day by day, she felt that she was living for the people who have just greed for an independent country. Those memories are still fresh in her mind. She will always stay in mind with pain. Kulam relentlessly listened to their heroic deeds in the car, disgusting her again and again. Unable to bear it,

'Don't talk to me about murderers.' The next moment fireflies flew in waves after waves in her eyes as the Kulam's hand landed on her cheek violently. The world once went dark and became mixed-light after. At first, she thought she should return to the home country right now. Then she learned to live in silence, speaking the language of silence, thinking that where she goes, that freedom is not reachable. It is not a way to get rid of the eternal hell of a husband who supports those who killed her brother and who does not respect her father and must live with him. In time preying on the human-animal physical hunger and in its remnant lay two pearls, and she spent the rest of her time to flowering kindness on them in her life. She thought that the stench of burning human emotions was constantly blowing in her life. The sentence of sharing the bed with the enemy in consideration continued to destroy her fairytale life. What can orphans do? The sentence will end with m, ah, TV became their life. He never understood the need to respect other human beings' freedom, to the extent that the Kulam understood that it was to help ferociously and benefit only as much as possible. He did not understand the mind of his wife. Now, if something happened to him, he was afraid of what would become of his property, That the children.

Kulam worked as a cleaner at a school on Oslo's outskirts to legalize its income. Work starts at two and ends at seven. Then he will go home quickly. Many TV shows made him laugh out loud even though he didn’t have a wife to talk to at home.

Many vehicles were parked in that parking lot when Kulam got in and out of the car today. He knew the cars would leave after school. Kulam parked his vehicle and went to work. He had no peace of mind. He could feel the intensity of the darkness as he went outside with a sack of garbage after work. Sweat droplets vanished as the cold air and its chilly moisture gently rubbed the hot, sweaty body, and his mother's touching comfort was in it to him.

Large trash cans were in a dark area outside the school, and Kulam did not like it. His question is: What if the electric light shines on it and the vehicles' parking lot of the cars. He did not understand that this school would therefore cross over to bankruptcy. He cursed the school administration and dragged away from the garbage sack. He assumes that the school administration will only save money by scarifying its quality. The chancellor said he would increase the washing area, which made him even more disgusted. 'The principal must be put in the dark for a day and beaten hard.' He thanked. He knew that is not easy with a big man. It is a well-known fact that he is twice as big in body and height as Kulam. He thinks that beating is only possible, giving him some anesthesia and beating him like beating a dead snake.

Kulam put the sack of garbage in the appropriate boxes and returned; Then, it caught his attention. Parked a car in a dark area in the parking lot. 'Say, everything that is in the eyes of the afraid man is a demon.' Thinking that he walked towards the school. He used to set on the alarm every day after finished work. No one is at school when he finishes work. Kulam does not like that loneliness. From an early age, he had a ghost’s fear of ghosts. His goal is to get out of that school as quickly as possible. He thinks that the comfort and security found on the house's sofa not found anywhere else.

Kulam turned off the lights in each room and checked to see locked doors. He made sure all the doors were closed, and the lights were off. He then locked the main entrance, and the alarm on as soon as Kulam closed the main entrance.

White cloud embraced him with a lustful breeze of dense humidity to come out again. For a moment, a desire arose in him as if he wanted to undress and enjoy the adaptation naked. The next moment he realized the cold climbing struggle from foot to up.

White clouds flying low and touching the ground were visible in some places where electricity light flowed. These miracles that the world sees in real happen only occasionally. The lustful dance of kissing heaven and earth will then continue. It's the dazzling moments when vehicles can't drive.

It would seem to him that the pleasant coolness of breathing cloud could come at any cost. The desire to run and catch the cloud and get up and shout is a dream. He considers the great satisfaction of enjoying life's small pleasures even he must leave economic prosperity.

Kulam walked towards the car. The whistle blew in the joy of going home, and shocked when he saw that car. He could not believe that the vehicle of the same shape that he had thought was delusional a while ago was parked next to his car. He stood there for a few moments, thinking about what to do. Then he went towards his car in a daze. There was no movement. He looked at the car standing on the side. He did not know that anyone was inside. Kulam watched that car a moment then went back to that car to see the number plate. Then he felt as if someone was running behind him. The next moment his eyes twinkled that blow he got in his head. The head spun around. He fainted and fell to the abyss before the earth flew into the universe.

The figure lifted him and threw him into the trunk of his car. His arms and legs tightened around the Industrial PVC tape. Then the car drove slowly and moved without turning on the lights.

Two hours will be gone. When the Kulam was out of fainting and understood the situation around, he knew he traped into a car trunk. He also realized that it was his car.

The Kulam was able to feel the vehicle continue to travel. He could not shake the strength of the Industrial PVC tape wrapped around his arms and legs, and the head has pain with the aggression of an erupting volcano. He panicked for fear of suffocation. Sweat dripped like the pearls all over her body. He sighed in agony, and he gets breathing fast and uneasy.

The mystery of not knowing what was going to happen gripped him. He could not get rid of it. The vehicle was constantly traveling in one direction.

After a while, the vehicle became quiet. Extreme silence everywhere. The sound of a wolf howling in the distance and Kulam trembling by death, fear at what would happen next.

He felt a dark demon sitting on his chest and pressing him to hell and suffering from not breathing well. Suddenly trunk opened fast. The sharp silver rays that tore through the darkness flowed in from the street lamp inside. All he could see was the dark, unrecognizable figure staring at himself outside. Kulam did not understand what he would do to himself, who hid from head to toe. Fear of killing himself tightens his throat. He choked again, unable to breathe. It seemed to him now that the figure was looking at him frantically.

In his hand was a wallpaper knife used by the builder. Kulam is well aware that the blade can easily cut even complex objects such as a current wire. The knife can travel up to the bone in the human body. Kulam did not understand what he was going to do. He bent down with the knife. He grabbed Kulam's legs with one hand and pulled. Kulam at first thought to move the body as an objection. Then he changed his mind in fear and lay still. He handed him the knife and cut the Industrial PVC tape around her legs. Then he pulled in the blade and put it in his pocket. Then he lifted Kulam and stopped him on the ground. He had in his other hand a crowbar that he could use to open the door. Two half bottles of vodka shook into his pocket. He then took the Industrial PVC tape in one hand. He continued to hold the hands of Kulam and proceeded towards the cottage. Kulam wondered for a moment if they could push him away and run away. What if he was caught and killed while running like that? There was a fear of that. Survival became essential to him.

He drove Kulam behind the cottage. Embracing the water, he mounted Kulam on its steps and re-tightened his legs well.
He then, by the weapon he had brought with him, opened the door by force. He could see that someone had cleaned the cottage, and he didn’t care about that. He dragged Kulam inside and pushed him onto a sofa. Kulam fell on the couch and lay motionless in fear.

He said nothing. That man heard not a word from Kulam. He once rubbed the pocket of the fallen Kulam. Nothing caught him. He picked up Kulam's cellphone in his pocket. Then he wrote a message on it. After putting the phone on the TV, he returned to Kulam. Unexpectedly, he tore the Industrial PVC tape from his mouth like a hair-pulling trick.
Mustache burning for Kulam. The first time Kulam after captured by him, 'Please don't do anything to me. Not with me now. I have a child and wife.' told him.

He stood and stared into the eyes of Kulam. Then he clapped his hands angrily.
'Please, I will give you what you want.'

He suddenly slapped Kulam on the cheek. Even Kulam thought that he was wearing gloves; he was beaten like that hard Kulam as if it had broken the bone all over his face. He kicked him again in anger. Kulam did not understand what to say to the one who did not speak on any occasion. Why he does not talk also becomes a mystery. Kulam begged in his mind that if he came back alive, he would take a burden dance the Nallur Murugan. He thought this would be his last wish and prayer.

Suddenly the man jumped on him, pressing the chest and sitting on him. Then he opened a bottle of vodka. He took the vodka and poured it into his mouth as he holds Kulam's nose tightened. Kulam drank it in a state where he could not breathe. After a while, the vibration climbed into his body. Later, he lost his temper like a beggar says, 'don't need anything from you, but please hold your dog.' His body was already weak from hunger and tired of work. It saw the alcohol tremor get to the height very quickly. He drinks his vodka generously. Everything around him centered on Kulam and revolved around the universe. He lay motionless, unable to do anything. He just couldn’t stop spinning. The feeling of flying away from the world came intermittently to him. Kulam laughed. Memories of the angels he had met in life came. They seemed to be flying to him. He wants to hold the head, but the head spun so fast. No hands. The tightness of the Industrial PVC tape did not loosen at all.

Then the man came carrying a plastic bag. Kulam could not get up or move. It was as if the vomit was coming on. In between came the thought of covering his head with that plastic bag and going to kill him. Kulam thought he knew no discomfort if that man did in this situation.
He fell asleep when he felt it was a liberation for the soul.

The man came near to Kulam. He picked up the knife that had squeezed. He pushed its bleed out and headed towards the neck of Kulam. Then he suddenly turned it over and moved it towards his hand. He removed who had his hand-tied.

Dissected and removed unidentified. He also removed the Industrial PVC tape tied around his leg. He stretched Kulam on the sofa and made him lie on that. Kulam is now asleep. The man very meticulously cleaned the area around him. He took with him all the signs of his arrival. Only the vodka bottle was wiped clean with a cloth and then thrown open. He picked up the phone that was on the TV set. It has little coverage. Knowing that this was enough to send a text message, he sent a message he had already written. He left the phone on the sofa table and walked out fast. He walked a short distance, got into the car he had already brought, and parked the first day. A discreet smile crept across his lips. He drove to Oslo to quickly pick up his friend's car at school.

24 Finance

Some time ago in Vardø,

Harry was amazed when he entered the Tamil Sangam meeting in Vardø. There is a hall where women, men, and children do not have a place in that anymore personal. The appearance of a total invasion of Tamils living in Vardø present there. He understood the politics behind this invasion. As usual on Harry's side, many are left at home and wondering what will happen as expected. Only the credit of some who live with the breath as a human with him. Suman, like Harry's bodyguard, still stands in the hall today. Harry is worried that his existence will be vital in one way and weak in another. No one understands when Suman will jump on whom. Someone else had just arrived with Suman today. As Suman gathers him and introduces him,

'This is Ramu. Newly has come here. Brother will cooperate with us.' Said Suman.
'Ah, that is good too.' Said, Harry. He doesn't believe when he sees anyone first.
When he sees Ramu, a kind of hope arises in his mind. However, he did not come to an immediate conclusion.
The hall turned into a small market in time, and the administration members wandered about it. Thiru and Malati chatted with some friends. Not everyone fled in fear of their violence. However, the withdrawal of some people hurt Harry. No one expected these changes to come here very soon like this. The change came suddenly. The very existence of those who laid the foundation vanished as a tsunami.
Harry couldn't think beyond that. Somehow the meeting began. The people rose to pay silent tribute to the heroes of their organization. It feels as if Harry has to go out. He went outside. Ganesha also came out with him. Suman, Thiru, Malathi, and many others did not even get up in their chairs.

When the silent tribute finished, Harry and Ganesh came inside. Harry concludes that if one part of the martyrs who fought for the country portrays as a hero and the other part as a traitor,

he will not bow his head for it. The new leader who observed these,

'Is it the morality of the common behavior for everyone to stand up and pay their respects while paying silent tribute? Respect? Human nature? It hurts some people to behave without that basic discipline.' Say that, like the archer Arjuna arrow Suman jumped up.
'To whom did you pay silent homage? Not just for the dead tigers?' Said Suman.
'To the LTTE and the people who died in the war.' That was the revised response from the leader.
'The LTTE was not the only movement that fought for Eelam. Many more fighters than them gave their lives for the dream of Eelam. They died bravely, thinking that they are helping to liberation. Silent tributes, Heroes' Day should be all-inclusive. Without it, there is no point in talking about unity and peace. It is even more immoral to classify them as traitors at your convenience. There is nothing in it but the words uttered in your inability and hatred. Those who speak of unity among the Tamils must first exercise equality in homage to the heroes. If there were such an open mind, Tamil would rule the world today.

The LTTE and alternative movements fought for liberation and killed many innocent people. Comrade sacrificed inside and outside the movement. Silent tributes are paid here to the murderers and some of the comrade who sacrificed to Eelam. At the same time, actual martyrs are avoided as silent tributes and seen as traitors.

Well, pay silent tribute to everyone sacrificed in the Eelam war. Then we stand up generously. Forgetting the mistakes of individuals done, the sacrifice of every young man who thought life was trivial and set out for the country is immense.
Must give the value every comrade. We pay silent tribute when it is equally available to everyone. We also know common discipline. You must practice respecting the sacrifices of others first. Then we, too, will value the sacrifices of others. ' Suman sat in site after saying that.
‘We now pay silent tribute only to the dead. Not for those who have gone down in history.' The answer came from the new leader. 'Oh. In your dictionary, those who have fought for the country some time ago become history? Don’t their sacrifices need to be respected? That is, those who have died up to now are also historically.

No need to stand up for themself you want; we can respect those who will die soon; let's do silent tribute right now for them. Get up?' Suman stands up to do that.

Some boys in the back row, Harry, his friends laughed along with some boys who didn't know what it meant for this laugh. Some people in the hall also laughed that they could not control themselves. Suman liked that colored the leader's face, and his face was red as saffron. For many, the start came as a shock. Some stared angrily at those who smiled. Those in the administration were initially embarrassed. For a while and act, as nothing had happened, the leader managed himself, said calmly, 'We will get to the point without wasting time. We don't have time to waste on the unnecessary matter.' said.

'Sir, is silent tribute now an unnecessary thing? Good progress.' Suman shouted.
'Suman, if you make such a fuss, we will have to evacuate you from the hall.' Warned the leader.
‘There must be unity and common sense in the action you take. It is also important not to attack unnecessarily personally.' Said Suman.
'Well, let's get to the point.' The leader began. Harry winked at Suman to keep quiet. Suman was leaning well in the chair. Harry looked at Suman and think, 'Although he is courageous.' Harry thought to himself about Summan.
The leader narrated a few things. Some nerds got up and made counter-arguments that they could do this and that. Harry understood that the leader was embarrassed to think of saying something and then backtrack it. Harry partly guessed what it would be like if something didn't matter. He decided to be patient until that came out of his mouth.
The leader's drag and the extensive explanations of the idiots who did not understand it bored many. Suman's legs swayed like a fan at high speed. Putting it bluntly, he understood the mood.
Suddenly the leader decided to start talking.

'When we took charge of the Tamil Sangam from the old administration, there was a balance of fifty-four thousand six hundred kroner. There is no point in sleeping so much money in the bank here without a constructive project. We think we can use it for something good.

We always think about the people suffering from the problem in our country now, think we can alleviate some of their sufferings. We wish to utilize this money in that way, and we are confident that everyone will cooperate. All our intend to do this assistance through our organization. Let me know what you think.' said.

Suman jumped up.

'Well done, and said. That's what I waited for at this point. It has now become clear to us where your clever plan is going. You send money to Sri Lanka to help refugees but sent it to your organization to buy new weapons. Don't we understand this too? This money is not going as rice for the starving people. It's going to be a bullet for them. No one can happily eat bulleted. When it sews, only the blood of the innocent will flow. Do we cooperate without even thinking about it? We assumed that you had a plan for something like this when you made a full effort to hijack the association's leadership. Now understood it to everybody. If you want to send it to people, we have Red Cross and FORD. Use some of that. Another way is Let's go directly on our own. Don't tell false explanation to us.' Said Suman. On hearing this, Kugan stared and got up hurriedly.

'What is the preaching along? Do you allow that too? ' He looked at the leader and asked angrily. In the meantime,
'If you talk with disrespect, I will break your bone here.' Said Suman.
'If you can touch me. Then you will find out who I am.' Told Kugan,
Suman jumped and ran towards Kugan. Suddenly the trio came forward to defend against Kugan. That sudden turn slowed Suman down a bit. Meanwhile, Harry and Ganesh grabbed Sumana. Then they persuaded him and put him in his place. He is a Vimas incarnation. Harry thought that maybe some time in between, like Arjunan too.
Following a minute's silence, the leader spoke again.
'Now we are not here to fight. By fighting, you disturb a good intention that is not good for all. Please keep everyone quiet. We will hold a voting on this. Let's do what majority choice.' said. Harry got up then,
'As Suman said, sending money to Sri Lanka will be done through a typical organization where there may be many our systems. Indeed they can help. Whatever it is, they already have the politics painted on them.

Not everyone can accept that you take public money and give it to them. There are many non-political organizations in Sri Lanka based in this country too. Any one of those organizations can offer that money. If so, no one can deny it. That should not be a problem. ' Said.
'Harry is right. The idea is that we can also provide for such a common system. But they can spend thirty to forty percent of the money on the administration itself. How much of the rest will go where people need that help? That's where we decide to send our organization.' Said the leader.

'If you think the administration here is spending money unfairly, you can find an organization that stands directly in Sri Lanka, and we can spend that money on them. Then solved that problem. Otherwise, we can help direct another organization like an orphanage. No one can object to that.' Said, Harry.
'That would bring a lot of problems in practice. The only way to get to the LTTE's area is to help our organization. Otherwise, It will be a drag.' The leader gave that grip.
'I don't understand what you are telling. Is it not going to help the Tamils suffering from war? What if they are living where in Sri Lanka? Many living is out of LTTE control area. Can you help them first? If not, why should LTTE stop us from directly assisting those within their territory?
I do not understand this. Is this struggle for the people or not? We are going to help the same people. Why are they going to stand across? Do you joke here? Sometimes I do not understand what the real freedom struggle is; what?' Said, Harry.
Kugan stepped in between it.
'What kind of non-essential lamp oil explanation do you have to hear for it? Put the voting without speaking, and we must go to our work? We explain these and hear their preach instead. Please put the voting soon, brother. We have to go.' Said Kugan.

'Did you can send the money after voting? We will see how it happens that. Don't play with us.' Suman stood up and shouted.
‘You are speaking anti-democratic. What will you do if we send the money, just you four people? What do you think about us? You are all racists betraying Tamils.' Said Kugan.

'Oh, you thought of that you are the great martyrs. Send money to a great defender of Democrats. Ahh, you let your sister and mother in the middle of the street for work and money and came here to lick. Where you come to lick you have an idea of you are big martyrs? And you talk about that. The one who made the sacrifice would have stayed in the Eelam. Will not deter the other. He would not have been selfish to himself. He would have given his life for the cause. They could not sacrifices for a fascist movement that would have fought alone and would have been the sole leader at the expense of all other political leaders' assassination. They may have offered instead of sacrificed unknowing. That's what happened. Happening. A gang of thieves fled here and steal the public's money and send it to them. Let them have voted, too; what voting? Send money; then we will see that. You know then what happens in Vardø. M, shameless people .' Suman shouted angrily.

'Go and beat him up.' Shankar shouted, 'Oh, beat him, beat him.'
Although there were many voices, only one person got up and looked at Sankar and asked, 'Do you want to step on it?'
'Then you can beat each other. We are going our way.' The leader said and stepped down from the stage. Seeing that, Shankar said, 'Wait, wait, we will not do anything. You keep the meeting going.' I told and sat on my seat. Then Kugan also sat on the chair. The hustle and bustle of the assembly subsided shortly after.

When the assembly was quiet, Harry got up and said,

'Like fighting with this eruption; See if you can put this problem off for now. That will be better? Then find out if there is an alternative after comfort. After that, we can convene a meeting to decide.
Why is everyone unnecessarily lying and researching and shouting at each other? Nothing can be an alternative to helping the people. It's all that must go to the right people without going the wrong way and wrong people. No one will ask you any questions if you prove the sending is on the right track.' Said, Harry.
'What is a drama here? Their people are starving to death. Here is going to prove the right way and wrong way. This situation is like someone playing the fiddle when burning down Rome. If people agree to the voting, We will send the money one. We can't waste time unnecessarily.'
Shankar concludes by saying,

‘Everyone be patient for a while. We come to an end first. There is no end to this if we talk like this. Please be quiet.' The leader spoke to the board for a while, plugging out the microphone. Then he began to narrate that they had concluded.
'There is no point in some people bullied here. Norway is a democratic country. It is a democratic organization. If a problem arises here, there is no better alternative than to hold voting to resolve it. We will resolve this issue through voting.' said Kugan.

'So you won't hold that voting and will send money to the LTTE? From the Tamil Sangam we formed, will you tack what we had put together and sent it to in the name of humanitarian aid to buy weapons for the terrorist movement? We, too, hold shut off our mouths because we need to value democracy. Is this your plan?' Suman shouted, 'Beat him.' As Kugan approached Sumana, Shankar ran towards him, and some others joined with him. Suman was not afraid to see the number and stood there saying, 'Come you, Come,.' Harry and Ganesh both went and stood in front of Suman. Then Ramu got up like a double Viman and stood between the two teams. Confused by his image, Kugan and Shankar stood still, and Ramu used it to say, 'The decision to hold the voting already taken. On top of that, we stand here, and fighting with them is not beautiful. Please, this is time to go out. Come with me, please. We can talk about there what we can do next.'
He looked at Harry and asked. Then he looked at Kugan and Sankara and said, 'You go and stay where you are. If not, come to me first.' Said Ramu. They slowly moved towards their chairs.

What Ramu said to Harry was correct. Sumana pulled up and walked out. Twelve men followed them out of the hall. Suman came out and said, 'these should not be left alone.' Suman ran away in anger and kicked the dustbin. It rolled with a sigh of relief. Sadly for the coming lousy luck, it just roamed too far alone and loud.

25 arrested

When Kulam remembered, two policemen arrested him and took him away from the cottage. Still, hysterical dizziness gripped the head and pressed it towards the earth. Intermittently saw the legs' feeling not touching the ground as flying in the air while walking with the head's weight. ‘Someone hit me. He tied my hands and feet and put me in the trunk reached here in a car. Then he poured vodka by force. Now the police are arrested me and traveling with me somewhere. What's going on here?' After thinking about that, the headache became ten times more intense. Unable to even put his hand to his head, Police locked his hand behind the handcuff. He did not understand what hatred they had on his hand. The police who took him away kept him in the blue light police car and drove away.

After an hour-long journey, the police car stopped in front of the small police station. They unloaded Kulam from the car and locked him in a smooth holding cell. Then removed the handcuffs. He raised his hand after several hours and moved down and up physically. He got only water to drink. 'Why did I lose my freedom?' It was heartbreaking for him to thought about that. Then there is the bargain that there is nothing but silence. He did not have the mood to talk to the wind. He was anxious to think about the children and the house.
He was on the mattress, laid the bed made of cement, and holding his head with his hands. There was more than that, one toilet in that room corner. A smooth paint-like cement paints for the floor and wall. His head continued to explode, and Intoxication and dizziness continued to haunt him, and he fell back asleep.
It was dawn when he woke up again. They brought breakfast to him. He was in death hungry, and he finished devouring it. After ten minutes passed, he places in another room. There were two chairs and a table there. After a while, a police officer came inside. He did not introduce himself to Kulam. It seemed to Kulam that there were hate and anger in his looking. Kulam did not speak in fear. The officer did not talk for a while too, Then suddenly asked,
'What is your name?'
'Murugesu Gulendran' said Kulam.
'Personal Number?'

'06087029384'
'Address?'
'Tveitveien 16, 0876, Oslo.'
'Why did you kill Sivakaran? Why did you kill him so cruelly too? What kind of enmity was there between you and him? How much money should he give to you? How much money did you take from him? ' As the officer stacked the questions as he choked.
'I do not kill Sivakaran. I do not kill Sivakaran. I don't want to talk to you without a lawyer.' Kulam shouted.
'Oh, do you need an Advocate? Feel free to talk after your advocate arrived. But one thing, we are going to put the evidence forward. If that proves to be the case, we can do as much as possible to be deported to Sri Lanka soon. Here, take a look at who I am.'
He growled and threw an identity card in front of Kulam. In it, Kulam learned that he belonged to the P.S.T and that his name was Steiner Hanson. Kulam, who knew he was from PST shook too much of it. He was baffled as to why they were questioning him. The PST will investigate terrorists, extremists, spies, or the police. He did not understand why they should ask him. He was confused as to whether they considered himself a terrorist?
‘I don’t understand anything. Why are you questioning me? Can you say that, please?' Asked Kulam.
'Let's say. Before that, you have to answer the questions I asked.'
'What evidence do you insist I have to talk to you about without Advocate?' Asked Kulam.
'Evidence? look at here.'
He showed him a text message on his cell phone. In it 'I killed Sivakaran in a quarrel over money. I apologize for that and admit it. And I beg you to come and arrest me in his cottage.' It wrote in Norwegian. When Kulam had finished reading it, he showed Kulam what number it came from in that mobile. Then he picked up another phone. That is Kulam's mobile phone. He shows that he sent out the message from his phone and its time. Nothing was clear to Kulam at first. Then slowly, he understood it. He noticed that the kidnapper, bloody criminal, had subtly done the work of trapping himself beautifully. He doesn’t understand how to escape from this.
'Now what? Is the evidence sufficient? If we gave this evidence to the court, you would come out in old age. You will at least punishes for murder. I will make arrangements to deport you when it is over. Do you like that?' Said the officer.

'God, I do not kill him. I don't know anything about that.' Kulam was helpless.
'Then why did you go to that cottage? Also, have you brought your car there? You drank vodka in that tragedy. Then you send a crazy text message. What are you crazy about it? Why did you do all this?'
'Good question. What am I crazy? Therefore I said I don't do it. I would have been mad if you had done that.'
'Hmm, tell me?'
'Do I do that without thinking? Or did someone do such a stupid thing? ' Asked Kulam. That officer's start to think,
'No one who kills will admit to murder. Did you know that? Tell me now, why did you kill him?'
'I do not kill him.'
'Why did you agree to this murder and send the text message?'
'I do not send it? That why this is crazy.'
'What are you going to say now?'
'I can't talk without an advocate.'
'Even if you talk with your Advocate, you can't change this evidence. Now let me know the truth, and I will see if I can do anything in your favor. It may recommend reducing the sentence. I say all this for your good. If you want, tell me that now. Other Ways I have to go. I have another job to do.' Kulam was speechless and thoughtful for a while. Steiner Hanson got up angrily. Kulam was startled at the speed at which he awoke. As if to prevent him from going.
'Wait, I will tell everything.' said Kulam.
'Well, prepare yourself. I will come back to you.' Steiner went out. When he comes back, he brought two cups of coffee. Then he gave one of them to the Kulam.
'Thanks'
'Say it now. Why did you kill Sivakaran?'
'You have mistaken me. I have nothing to do with Sivakaran murder.'
'Hmm,'
'I went to work yesterday evening,' Kulam said as everything that happened. The officer listened intently to what he had to say.
'Then you don't drive your car?' Asked him.
'No. I do not know what happened after the beating. When the first awakening came, I knew it was my car trunk I trapped,' said Kulam.
'Did you see him in the cottage?'
'I Saw. But that man was wearing a hat-like mask on his face, dressed the whole body like an evidence collector.

He was of good height and body, and the eyes were like a Tamil's eyes. He looks so smart. He did things calmly, meticulously, and without tension.'
'Hmm, do you suspect anyone?'
'No'
'Do not lie. You are one of the people who collected money for the Tigers. We have information on whether you forced people to pay you very brutally. In some places, we have got police complaints. We have information that you have collected money like Mafia in Oslo.'
'But I did not bother with anyone. That's not true. I do not know who will trap me so much. '
'Well, we will find out as soon as possible that you saying is true or false. There is enough evidence if that you are not telling the truth.' The person who showed the phone left the room in a storm.

26 At Harry's house

Some time ago in Vardø,

Harry complained of humiliation, incompetence, and the inability to prevent them from abusing the money they had saved. He can't breathe in the air by the strain and pain. How did they get here? What did they do after that? Like a bad dream, he began to feel surrounded by power and hypocrisy.
What one cannot accept is desired by another. The thing may take a different pathway from person to person. It depends on the image of the victim and his conscience. And the people now and past brain imagination. He believed that there was such public justice to everyone. It made it even more painful for them to fraudulently snatch the money they saved together and use it for something they could not willingly consent to use. Harry just stood there stunned for a while. Suman angrily chased after the trash can and kicked it away. Harry then loaded Sumana and Ganesha in his car and left to deal with the situation. Ramu saw it and came behind them. Others climbed into their vehicles, unwilling to stand in the cold.

Harry parked the car in front of his apartment, and Ramu also brought his vehicle there and parked it. Then Harry took everyone and went to his apartment. Harry had six bottles of MACK beer from Tromsø. This tasty beer is most in-demand in Northern Norway.

One of the national faith of the people of the area. An unshakable belief of their products that we do not have. We do not trust ourselves. Suman realized that those six bottles of tasty drink were not enough. 'Brother, I am going to get more beer. Then we can talk details what we're going to do.' He left without waiting for an answer. Then he sees the Ramu as needing help to him. Ramu traveled with him who needed help, thinking about snow on roads for his part.

Harry let them go and took the chicken he had bought from Finland and soaked it in water. Then he boiled the more than required rice for all. Harry took two beers for himself and Ganesha and opened it.

He planned to cook chicken curry and boiled eggs with rice. Harry thinks that if his self chops three potatoes and puts them into the meat, there will be no famine for the curry. He felt that if he boiled the egg a little more generously, he could use it for drinking beer. He also knows that fried peanut is generous. The twin Beemas came back when they were busy with cooking.

'Then what's wrong and arrogant with him?' Suman came and sat on the sofa.
Harry did not understand the story properly. It only understood that Suman had done something naughty work. Ganesh got the beer from Suman, who tried to cool it. Then 'It's the beer I kept in the room where I did not put the heater. If we keep it like that, it will be okay. Said Suman. He then grabbed two of them, took the rest of the cans, and put them in the refrigerator because he didn't want to search after a room.
After cutting the chicken, Harry came to the hall. He thinks that he can eat rice with curry after being a little hungry. That quick to make curry then. When he comes to the hall,

'You said something; what happened, Suman?' He asked, looking at Sumana.

'Oh, That's brother? Kugan came with the car opposite us. He may have gone in his way without bothering us. There is no room for two car exits on that road. Knowing we were coming, he came forward to show arrogance. Fearing for a little crashing race by me, he jumped over snow with his car in fear. Then we leave from there. They are all word of mouth only. We drove a little further and saw back and his car parked on the snow. The body is covered in snow and stuck.

I do not think it is possible to cut the snow and take out the car. The car can be brought by another car pulling out. We have come to a good end. They will play this game only because of the courage he is playing. We don't talk to him properly with them. If we do, they will keep silent. ' That's it.

'We can't beat each other like that hear too. We came here because we don't want to do that. And then if we want to do it again how will solve your problem.

Then what is the justification for us fleeing the country? Where does peace come from it? We can only find the solution to the problem in this country. How many times has this story repeats? Please don't talk like this anymore.' Said, Harry. He had to say it repeatedly in disgust, like drink lamp oil.

'You narrator without understanding them. Not everyone understands that language. They can only explain by the language they understand.' Said Suman in a way that justified himself.

'In any case, I think I should go where there are no Tamils who want to use violence. It may be even run away from reality. I have no faith in all this violence. Wait and look our country; it's not going to give us anything but destruction.' Said, Harry.

'Let us not forget his verse that 'We are not that kind of mentally ill people who love violence.' But they don't let us be in peace. The enemy made us fight against them. Like this also. Even we want to be monks, do they allow us? They come just as naughty women who destroy monks' peace; they come with violence? ' Said Suman.

'Your verse is good. Nevertheless, the ascetic must continue to be silent. Don’t give up on whatever comes your way. That is the trick of packing divinity into a man.
If you understand Gita's teachings, you can become a human being even if you do not become a god. That's what I'm trying to do.' Said, Harry.

‘Can we ever become you? Let it talk about that now. What do you think we can do with the Tamil association problem? They will indirectly send the Norwegian government's money to buy weapons for the movement, and we will stop it and do not have democratic strength.
You do not like any kind of violence in any matter. We do not seem to have any other choice. There is only one way. That is what we must do. We must go to the police tomorrow.' Said Suman.
'Go?' Said Harry.
'What, you are asking like that?' Asked Suman.
'They are big criminals. They will think carefully about every single thing. Even they don't think and do, Oslo will assist them well. Everyone knows that sending money through their system is normally in another name, and then it goes to the weapon.

But what evidence do we have to prove it? They will always tell this going to humanitarian aid. That too with the consent of the majority of the members. The police will first look at us and ask what is wrong. The police will understand a little about what they are doing here. Even so, they don't want to do anything now. That is Norwegian politics. Let it go. Do we have any evidence now? If there is evidence that money spends on arms purchases through their organization, it would be useful to file a complaint. Without that, the ones who have to go to the police will be embarrassed. As usual, after a while, due to lack of evidence, the answer will come as they will close the case. All that is left is to wander.' Said, Harry.

'What can you do then?' Asked Suman.

'The Tamil association, about the money in it we should forget. There is nothing more we can do for that association. They don't even have to worry about us if they send it out. They don't even need that. But the Norwegian authorities will pay member grants to them until we revoke our membership. They will spend it how they want. Don't let them do that. Don't let them deceive us, just as they take money from us and perpetuates violence.' Said, Harry.
'What are you trying to say?' Ganesh asked.
'Ganesh, How many people have left that Tamil association now after this problem? Pick up a paper and pen. You can find it in that room. We can make a list of our people.
First, we must know how many people we have. We have enough percentage of people, I think. Send their money to a good purpose without going the wrong way significantly. That we need our money is under our control. We need a Tamil association to get that funding and keep it under control. We must retrieve the signed member's form. More importantly, they talked about teaching Tamil to children now.
Do you know how they can teach Tamil? We can't let our children learn Tamil under their teaching. If we left that, brainwashing would happen. Only if it has an association like this can the Tamil class be run through it. ' Said Harry.

'Whether there we have Tamil Sangam or not, brother, are they teaching Tamil? They will brainwash the children and get rid of the Tamil they already have if we want that, I can do that soon. I can schedule a meeting on Saturday.' Said Suman.

'We can go slowly, Suman. First, we must talk with a few more. After that, we must talk about that with Municipality too. Then we can start Tamil associations. Is it good to have two associations? Where is Tamil still grow well?' Said, Harry.

'That's is real. But are those people growing up Tamil? They want to get what they can get and sang the leader's anthem wherever they go. If the leader does not send the gun like a sword of The first Tamil Sangam time, they will one day kill the leader, brother.' Said Suman.

Harry guessed that Suman lightly intoxicates from alcohol. He walked towards the kitchen without delay. Harry did not like the slander of their efforts to develop Tamil. He is not ready to believe that business is going on without economic concern.

Those who want to eat can eat if the curry is finished and peeled eggs. Then they can sleep right here. After the intoxication broke out tomorrow morning, he thought they could go to their places in comfort. Before going to the kitchen, he gestured to Ramu, That he don't give Suman more beer.
After a while, everyone went to bed after eating.

*

When Harry woke up in the morning and came to the hall, Ramu cleaned the kitchen, hall and made tea for everyone. Already, the next day Harry was introduced to Ram. He likes him. Ramu did not cause much trouble and focused on overcoming it and putting a value on him.
Dealing with problems without encouraging them and embracing others is no easy task. Ramu trying to do that thing gave him hope. Suman is the opposite. Yet Harry knows that there is justice in his anger.

After they had slept through the night, the unfragrant Jasmin blossomed in the sky blossomed on the earth. The milky white of the snow and the rays of sun falling on it splashed like glass, and they pierced the eyes like silver needles with the aggression that blinds the eyes. Snowfall can make some people happy and some people embarrassed. It was heavy work that day for vehicle owners.

The seagull car carries snow and builds a barrier around vehicles parked on the street. It takes a lot of hard work to get the car out of it. Suman, who had seen outside through the window, came to the sofa, folded his legs, and sat on that. Then,

'Brother, is there any food? Snow can be seagull only after eating.' Said Suman.
'Oh, that's not a problem? We can solve that simply. We have bred, Jam, and other bread toppings. Feel free to eat what you want.' Harry said and looked at the preparation for breakfast.
When Ramu saw eggs, he cut the onion and added the chopped chilies and chili powder mixed and fried with the eggs. The smell of egg frying made the stomach secrete acid, and everyone gathered and ate breakfast. After that, they drank hot tea, went outside for a while, and started seagull snow. Harry grabbed his clothes and came out a little late.

Ramu and Suman seagulled the snow around Ramu's car and Harry's car. Ganes seagulled through the snow that was in the path. They removed the snow on the back of Ramu's car. Suman first noticed that the car's tire was unusually flat out. Then he hurriedly pulled the snow around the tire and looked at it. Suman could not believe it at first. He doesn't relax with that. Suman understands, of course, this did not happen to him by accident. He looked at the car's back tire again. It seemed to have stabbed with a knife. He is very sure about that.
'Come here and see this injustice, brother.' Shouted Suman.
Unaware of what he was saying, Harry, Ganesh, and Ramu went to the place where they showed him to them.
Everyone is stunned. Suman showed others were damaged the knife tire. Then everyone cleaned up the other tire as fast as they could. They ripped everything off very well. They cleaned Harry's car. It turned out that they had aggressively worked with every vehicle.

'Have you seen some of Norwegian have racism, but some of ours addicted to movement hysteria and stern nationalism? You show this behavior of our people?' Said Suman. And then continued,
'What you are telling, Hariyannan now?' Asked.
'I just have to go to the police now. Before you go to insurance, insurance people will ask about the police complaint and copy that. What did we do if they let us go to the police? ' Said Harry.

27 Pocket knife

The boredom of running and working for five days can be overwhelming for many as it not hurts to lie in bed without a hurry on a Saturday. Adamant likes not to wake up and lazy forced to lie on the mattress for a long time. Shankar now destroyed the exception to that rule. Not as a disembodied sage but as a man of mental anguish. He will not work now because of the growing sadness for him.
Vanitha goes to work after her injuries heal. She is currently in a deep sleep. Sleepless, Shankar got out of bed and woke up like a robot. Now again, in his brain, that voice began to scream vigorously. That voice of scream like 'kill, kill,' killed his peace and ate his flesh and blood. Shankar looked at Vanitha again. She took a deep breath. Shankar slowly got up and brushed his teeth, and washed his face. The head ached severely. Being inside the house becomes unbearable to breathe.

The voice of 'kill, kill' screamed in his brain repeatedly. He did change his clothes fast. He departed out like a rocket. The man slowly locked the door and ran down the street, not knowing which direction he is running. The rules were all together; the world was the abode of human demons, it frightened him to breathe, he ran without knowing the direction. He exhausted after a while, then walked away. Again the rage erupted. That sound hardened inside his head. If Vanitha had woken up, she would have given the medicine. She did not wake up. He did not take medication and was now tired and walking fast.

Shankar got angry. ‘They drove me crazy. Still not letting it go. They attacked Vanitha as well as destroy me. That, too, happens after that fights with Kugan. He must have done this. Must have planned and kept people to do this.

Animals that hurt a woman and beat her to death leave without help her. It is a sin to kill people. Hunting and killing animals is not. I want to hunt. I have to hunt the animals that roam the country disguised as humans. You have to hunt wherever you find it. Hunt. Hunt. Hunt the beast. Hunt those beasts to save the petition.

If you kill an animal, it will be reborn. Blessed is the one who opens the way to salvation and gives new birth. I want to keep the haven open for them. We have to save these animals from life on earth.' The voice struck him as if it were a whip from a rider by horse. It dissolves him to run. Shankar suddenly sped off and ran. Then he went to one of the buses stops to catch his breath. He was sweating. Anger came.

Shankar sat and watched the parent taking their children to the Tamil school. Shankar's son also studied Tamil in this school. They said they are only teaching Tamil. But they have had hidden ideas too. When he was in eighth grade, 'Why shouldn't I go to Tamil Eelam and fight?' Shankar's son asked him one day.
The young calf is not afraid, and he was thinking of 'my child' frightened Shankar. Shankar also stopped his son from going to Tamil school and think he had enough learned Tamil already enough. At that time, he could not even imagine that his child living here would fight for Tamil Eelam. He has no place in the thought that it is his son. 'We can give money if needed. There are a lot of boys in the Vanni and Batticaloa. Let them fight for Tamil Eelam. That's right. ' He thought then. ‘Let’s pay more. Instead, we cannot send our children there to fight. That's where a lot of kids have no meals to eat. Isn't it a matter of pride for them and the country they gave their lives for Eelam? They need weapons and money to produce their heroism. Only then can we help. You can give generously. ' Now he thought of what he thought was perversely selfish then. Shankar wants to cry for that now and forever. The anguish was heartbreaking when he realized the truth of how the love of the own child can trample humanity. He was throbbing with pain.

He now understood that it was better not to send his son to this school after that incident. After Shankar knows, some of the students magically disappeared here and appeared in the Vanni. He did not doubt that this would have happened if his son had continued to study here.
Shankar put his hand on his head and stayed at the bus stop for a while. Cars passed him and went fast. A sense of remorse haunted him for being a worthless human being.
'Ah, Kugan's car.' Shankar jumped up. 'Hmm, he is going to Tamil school. Should not escape him this time. Don't leave him today.' 'Run, run, kill him. Run, run, ' The noise whipped into his head again.

It was shocking that Shankar started running. He ran frantically. 'Kill today.' The voice in his head must disappear from today.' Shankar breathed a sigh of relief. Even though the mind is thinking, the body now refuses to cooperate. Aging is slowly leaving a scar in the body unnoticed in time. Elements that did not exist are now at loggerheads to move fast. However, it did not contain the rage within Shankar. The voice did not fade in his mind. He walked as briskly as he could. ‘Where will he go. He must complete today.' Like Shanker mind swore.

Kugan unloaded the children and sent them inside the Tamil school, leaving him alone in front of the school. Some people gathered outside the school and talked about Sri Lanka. This habit has become one of the things of ordinary Norwegian Tamils.
They are sending money from here, and then they had fun watching the funeral from here. They applied a solid nationalism for that taste and crowned its liberation. Now the nerds are analyzing wisdom in the crematorium after the war.
One of them,

'These schools will be held for a few years. Then children will hold a closing ceremony for everything.' Said he.
'Why are you talking like this? The leader is still alive and well. In a little while, he will start to fight. These schools will hold in big rather than this. Where is our freedom struggle, and this school just a matter of blowing everything up? Wait and look, how will everything change in a few years, ' he said.

Some of the people standing there laughed when they heard this. It was pitiful, ridiculous, and trumpets for them to see the ignorance, as without the strength to think anything and live with only in blind faith.
They knew that telling this to him will create a great deal of controversy but in silence, eager to see how the story moves further. Many people stood as children want to buy ice cream. This drama is a non-cash art event for them.

Some thought it necessary to believe that the leader was still alive. Kugan is not saying now whether the leader is alive or not.

‘Many say the leader is alive. What if there is a leader alive? Does it make sense if we do something insulting him? Believing that we have a leader alive for anything will keep our relatives and us safe in the future.' That is his intention.

'This time, the leader will not come for the heroes day speech. When do you think Kugan will go again? ' One por casual listener asked Kugan.
"It is simply not coming to our notice. The leader will come; he will come suddenly and make everyone amazed. ' Said Kugan. He talks suddenly as a similar leader is alive.

'Yes, he will come. He will return the money he got from us. Still, you fake us? You made us madness fires. You are not satisfied with that, and enter our house and attack us too, aren't you? ' Shankar angrily put his hand on Kugan's chest and pushed him away. Kugan fell to the ground covered with gravel.

Seeing this, one of the women standing there picked up her cell phone and called the police. Ignoring all that, Shankar jumped up and sitting on him and slapped Kugan on the cheek alternately. Kugan somehow understood the situation and struggled to hold Shankar's hand. The others stood and watched the fun. Don't let Kugan get up Shankar was on top of him. Kugan struggled to get up. Then he grabbed Kugan's hands by his one hand and tried to slap Shankar on the cheek. Kugan is now holding Shankar's hands with both his hands. Shankar rereleased his right hand. He put his hand in his pocket and took out a pocket knife. Someone standing next to him saw this,

'Hay! It's going to end in murder. Hold the right hand of Shankar.' The two snatched the pocket knife from his hand by grabbing his right hand. Even snatched the knife from Shankar, he continued to attack Kugan.
'Murder must come with a proper knife. Why Shanker went with a pocket knife? What can he do with this?'
One of the fun-seekers said jokingly. The man holding the knife suddenly jumped up, grabbed his jacket, and held the knife; Leaned towards the neck. He was frightened and could not control himself and stood urinating hotly.
'Do you know what even a pocket knife can do?' That man said very unpleasant way.

'Oh, oh, I'm not coming to this game; let me go.' He walked away from there in disgrace. Meanwhile, people had gathered there. Seeing the passerby, the children shouted, 'He passed urine, 'He passed urine,' He ran away in disgrace and got into his car and slammed the door.
Shankar and Kugan continued to lie on the ground. The women did not come near. Despite the mothers' voices against going there, many children came and stood around and watched the fun. The men all stood there cheering. An older man who comes with his grandson for school came there angrily.
'Damn! Son of a Bitch. Do you all stand like a tree? Don't you think that if they beat, you must stop them? Shameless, you all stand around and watch this. They will not write Kugan and Shankar in the paper tomorrow. They will write as Tamil. Do we want all this? ' Said as he rolled his angry red eyes. His voice shocked everyone with his lion voice.

The police came fast as he stood talking. The man holding the pocket knife put it in the boy's bag standing next to him.
Police arrested both men and took them away.

28 Change

Some time ago in Vardø,

‘The human life is unmentionable of a momentary of value divided by billions compared to the life of the unimaginable universe. Within that is their emergency game continues. Life is slipping from people, and they are upset to see them getting old. How and where we come to this world does not understand by most people, there is always the unruly desire to be in this world forever. It is a pity that they are losing these only real moments in this world and life by longing for that. He is one of those people who think of an imaginary tomorrow and losing these real moments?
Some streaks of wisdom came like lightning on Harry's brain and disappeared from it. It wasn't very comfortable to live here in vardø to Boomaniy to go with another expectation. Harry was heartbroken to see people turning their heads away from him.

They forget the differences, joining a team called Eelam Tamil, traveling to a foreign country's foothills, and settling in the Pole city. Some put a dividing political among them give a grating pain to Harry.
On the other hand, Harry fears that they will recover the hidden atrocities from seeing the men turning their heads. Migration alone cannot take our social divisions into oblivion. The experiences he had when he was in Canada or when he went to London were as bad as Eelam. They became petty Jaffna, the same village, the same caste, their relations, and the practice of limiting on that very vomiting culture. The only exceptions are the movement procession, and It is the faint unity of national hysteria. Temporary positive lightning strikes. It also disappears at the end of the parade or meeting.

Those who came here are proud to have eliminated those discriminations between them. It was a time of joy, but those who must get rid of the problem found that was proud of chest tapping. Harry thinks that is theirs is Ignorance. 'Where is the leader is our people.' they talked. Harry's heart sank when he heard that.

This world has never been a spinach shop without an opposite spinach shop. Some nerds send their daughter or son to another country to not get acquainted with an alternative caste. That is where the small Jaffna is, and they hope it will preserve the caste. It seemed to him that after all the fissures had come to the pole, they were lurking volcanoes, some selfishly, temporarily hidden for the correct time. He did not notice Boomani standing behind Harry while thinking like this. She hugged him backward eagerly.
‘What serious thinking?' Asked in the ear.
'M, This is about our people.'
'Um, there is more problem than just the political turmoil you run.' Said she.
'What?'
'Our people talking terrible way, How long they got married, Even they got married a long time why they don't get a child? What problem they have? They talk badly in our back. It isn't very comfortable to hear that. I can't go to the fight with them as rowdy women.' Said Boomani.
'Oh, is there still like a problem?
'Yes, dear. Man talk some way, but women talk another way. Now some men also talk like women and ask very naughty.' Boomani continued.
'What can we do for that, Boomani?'
'Why are you asking me to stay in this cold? Why do we have to suffer in an embarrassing environment? Would it be a little relaxing to go to Oslo without even looking at it?' She said her wish as her advice.
'Would you be relieved to go to Oslo? Wouldn't it be to run away in fear of seeing the problem?'
'So, why do you think like that? Don't be afraid to run; why put it in fold unnecessarily. Will we get a problem if we do not stick our heads out in Oslo? That is big town?' Said Boomani.
'Do you think there is no problem in stretching the head even if it is needed?'
'Why are you talking like that? We stay with our life only. Can they play like this for a long time? They play until they can play. Don't we have to secure from them?' As if begging.
'Did you tell me not to talk so that injustice would happen?'
'What are you, Shiva? Or Vishnu? Don't talk like this, dear. We are going to Oslo. Said he suppressed his anger.'
'Well, well, thinking about that.' Harry wanted to end the talk.

'Understand my mind too.' Boomani slowly used her Brahma arrow on Harry. The Brahma arrow from the flower garland the cupid women redemption will not give a man salvation.
'Well, moving to Oslo, not easy work. I am investigating that.' Said, Harry. There was less work to go on Vardø at that time. After working only a day or two a week, he has to live on government assistance for the rest. Using it, Harry came to Oslo to look for work. He miraculously got a job. Then he brought Boomani here too. Boomani also started working some time later. Back then, housing prices were meager. The economic downturn accompanied it. At that time, they bought a house using that opportunity. Following Harry, Ramu came to Oslo. The others came one by one to Oslo. Some went elsewhere.

29 Other side of man

Harry was on the sofa after coming home from work and eating on Wednesday afternoon. Then that police vehicle came and stood in front of the house.
Harry got up and opened the door. The new cops arrived today. They introduced themselves as usual and then came inside and sat on the sofa. Nothing is clear to the Boomani. She went to them anyway and asked if they wanted coffee or tea. They said coffee. Boomani went inside and started making coffee. The name of the male officer who came was' Raidar Hanson.

The other person's name is Helena Robert. The two smiled and looked at Harry as if they were friends. They didn't see many of such photos on Harry's wall as they are searching for it. That disappointed them.
‘Outside sunshine very well. Said, Raider. Harry understands that this is a strategy to start a conversation. As he approves of it,

'Oh, good sunshine. But when we go out, it cools down too.' Said, Harry.
'That is true. Its not like Sri Lanka.' Said Helena.
'Have you been to Sri Lanka?' Harry asked.
'Once I was there. Security problem that time. Another way is a good country. Like a paradise on earth.' She said.
‘We need help.' Said Raydar.
'What is that?' Asked Harry.
'Is not Ramu, a close friend of yours?' He Asked.
'You can think like this. But we don't have a close friendship. We are just friends. That's all.' Harry told.
'Weren't you in Vardø?' Asked the officer.
'That's why he was one of my friends. If not, he could not have been a friend even.' Said, Harry.
'Where is he now?' Asked the officer.
'He will be at their house.' Harry said his address. It was as if he was shaking his head.
'He's not there. Do you know where he went?'
'I don't know. Don't tell me where Ramu wants to go.'

'Well, can you let us know if he comes to you or contacts you?'
‘Oh, of course.'
They give him their visiting card to Harry; he got it and kept it.
After that, they usually talk about some things. Then suddenly,
'Are they still asking for money?' Asked Raydar.
'Who are you asking about?' Harry asked back.
He smiled at first. Then,
‘You know. Even I will tell you. I'm just asking about the LTTE. Some of the important people in our country are now inside.' Said the officer with a smile.
'The perpetrators must be inside. But they never come to me for money.' Said, Harry.
‘Will the perpetrators escape too?' Said the officer.
'Or surrender. That's it?' Harry ends with that.
'What is Ramu's choice?' Asked the officer. Again he smiled.
'I do not know. You have to ask Ramu this.' Said, Harry.
'Bye.'
'Bye.'
They have departed. It filled Harry's mind with guilt and sadness that had never felt like today.

*

A week ago, Ramu came to Harry's house as thoroughly wet all over their body with sweat. Harry is shocked to see his appearance.
'What Ramu? Why is your appearance like this? Why are you so agony?' Harry asked anxiously.
'They want to catch me, brother. The time has come for me to leave Norway.' Blurted Ramu.
'What do you say, Ramu? What are you crazy about?' Harry implored him. Harry could not believe what he was saying.
'No, brother, they are trying to catch me. That is true. By the way, I noticed today when I am coming out of the house that two civilian police officers in a vehicle staring at me. After I saw them, my whole body sweated and shake. I do not understand what I must do. Then I left the car at Mortensrud and came here by tube. They can come here, I think. That should be a problem for you too. I'm going soon, brother.' Like he suffered without could stand there.

'What are you talking about it? Everything you tell me is a mystery to me. Why will the police chase you? Are you an innocent? Isn't?' Spurte Harry.
'Harry brother, in real life, you are an innocent. Everything that glitters is not gold. You only know one side of me. You do not know the other side of me, and It's a horrible page. It was the mind of that infected scattering. The debris in it has just come out.' Said Ramu.
'What you come to say now?' Harry was impatient with the shock.

'I will te your details. I was at a place in Tromsø. Four Tamil families and seven boys lived in peace at the start. The problem that started in Vardø started before there. I think an organization built around some individual with no political vision, no political acumen, no understanding of the superpowers' strengths, no knowledge of their weakness, no knowledge of the global change, no knowledge of compliance with the pressures of the struggle from other powers.
They have no sense of adaptability only respond with murder everywhere. The military, too, had learned the trick of retaining some territory for some time, but it was clear that the people could not achieve any permanent liberation or liberty by that. When I read Mein Kampf by Adolf Hitler, I learned some of his philosophies in our struggle, too, and was shocked. It shocked me.

I firmly understood that no one would benefit from a selfish battle without far-sighted politics. I do not know that their occupation of the land was different from that of the monarchy. Instead of an arrow and a bow, replaced the multi-barrel rocket launcher and the cannon. In their words and their deeds, it is only the struggle for the soil that continues to sound. It is a struggle for the people, a struggle for rights that will never bring forth ferocious hope.
I can not accept this as a people's struggle. In my opinion, I do not want to support them. I did not like the pressure to pay to the beast and send that public money to buy weapons.
One day they came to my room to collect cash. I denied that I could not pay them. I also explained why it was not possible. Argumentative arguments there flew scorching words. Those who could not argue against it could not stand alone were then gone.

At night someone came and knocked on the door. I then opened the door without thinking, in the trust that prevailed over the people there.

I stumbled and fell to the ground with a blow that suddenly fell on my head before I could stop it. It felt like something had hit with a metal. I had little memory, and four people kicked with the shoes hard. I also knew when they talked in Tamil, hiding their faces. They were cowardly kicked, repeatedly claiming that this was the punishment for speaking against the LTTE. I fainted for a while.

I was in Tromsø Hospital when I woke up again. They trained me for six months.
After that, I came to Vardø. When I saw the same situation there, anger flooded my mind. I kept my mind under control as much as possible. Warning that would not be a danger to the lives of my relations in Sri Lanka was always burning in my back brain like a beacon of risk.
Like the Mafia in the movies, I get angry every time I see the Mafia who came here around. The hysteria of wanting to kill prevails. For a long time, I must suppress it due to circumstances.

Only after the final battle ended in a fiasco, I had the opportunity to punish for the injustice inflicted by the mafias. Sivakaran was the first catch of me. I know this guy was one of the main ones who hit me. I found out later that he was the one who created and led the project. Since then, I have overseen him. His term ended in the cottage he owned.
After that, I planned to give Balan almost the same result as Sivakaran. But his good times were saved by someone who came among the wanderers in the forest.

After that, I was the one who set fire to Shankar's house. Its purpose is to get him and Kugan to fight each other. It is not my intention to burn down their entire house or kill them. Shankar and Kugan's game in Vardø is still fresh in my mind.
How sinful would it have been to see Sankar now, and how many thousands of lives would have ruined by their handiwork? They have to answer for it. I think I did my job as if doing the duty and not expecting the reward.
Then I was the one who stuck the Kulam to police. The anger I had when I caught the Kulam was dead. The scattering of the wound that had lingered in mind had drained away. My goal is to get him trapped without being harassed. I did accordingly.

For me, the struggle for Tamils' existence in Sri Lanka betray by Tamil. All those who did it in the name of effort are enemies of our race and language. That is historically not forgettable. Or they are the ignoramuses who destroyed our race. They are traitors in their language. That thought will not go away from me until I am alive in this world. Future history will tell why we destroyed our race. No one can deny that we destroyed our race in the name of struggle. It is a shame that we did what they wanted to do. That part of Tamil is Ignorance. I can't forgive it.

I guess that now the police have got my vehicle registration number. Police can arrest me when they get a chance. I'm leaving the country because it's not safe to be here anymore. Don’t even ask me how you get out and where you get out. Don't let the police catch me up. It was as if you just had to say this as something forgiving. I told you. I will be in touch with you in a few years if possible. He finished that.

'Then who beat Vanitha?'
'I did not, brother. I am not such a coward. I am not a cruel man or psychiatrist who beats the innocent woman.'
Even the vengeance of vengeance is now dead. Arjuna listened to the Gita and took Kandeepa back in his hand. I'm worried that I took violence in my hand. The slept beast awoke. It went back to sleep. Now the fact that should have killed it is understandable. You are the main reason why this wisdom came to me, brother. Forgive me for being with you and for behaving like this.

My heart is pounding that I will be a stateless refugee again when I leave here. Isn't there a nation that we can feel like our country, brother? Isn't there a country where only we can appreciate that, right, brother? let it be? Remember one thing well. Take it to others and tell them.
Our armed struggle is over, and It has silenced forever. It must remain silent. But our fight for rights will continue until it wins. It is permanently attached to our souls born in Eelam, and there is no end to the struggle. There is no end to souls.

As he said this, suddenly a police vehicle came through the street. Ramu could not control himself and run towards the rear, and He did not stop the flow. The police went somewhere else. Harry could not bear to see Ramu run backward. However, it seemed to Harry that should add strength to every soul that waged a non-violent rights war.

Everything is hypothetical.
-Finished-